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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 49.—Vol. IV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper] Wednesday, November 9, 1904 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Lundt*

"Here's a health unto his Majesty"

No. 49.—Vol. IV.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NOVELS

"The Ambassador's Glove." By Robert Machray. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Blind Policy." By George Mannville Fenn. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Lady Sylvia." By Lucas Cleeve. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Helen Alliston." By the Author of "Elizabeth's Children." (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"The Ward of King Canute." By Ottilie A. Liljencrantz. (Ward, Lock: 5*s.*)

"The Thrall of Leif the Lucky." By Ottilie A. Liljencrantz. (Ward, Lock: 5*s.*)

"Playing the Game." A Story of Japan. By Douglas Sladen. (F. V. White and Co.: 6*s.*)

"Sharks." By Guy Thorne and Leo Custance. (Greening: 6*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Birthplace of Nelson." (Cassell and Co.: 6*d.* net.)

"The Romantic Poems of Scott." (Nelson's New Century Library: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Channel Islands." Painted by H. B. Wimbush. Described by Edith F. Carey. Beautifully illustrated in colour. (A. and C. Black: 20*s.* net.)

"Adventures of King James II." By the Author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby." (Longmans: 13*s.* 6*d.*)

"Vice Versâ." By F. Anstey. New edition. (Smith Elder: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Author, the Ghost, and the Society." By Hume Nisbet. (Greening: 1*s.* net.)

Notice to our Subscribers

Frequently, within a few days of publishing, much difficulty is found in obtaining a copy of THE BYSTANDER. Readers who have been unable to obtain copies would greatly oblige by sending a post-card to the publisher.

THIS WEEK'S MUSICAL ARRANGEMENTS

Wednesday, November 9

St. James's Hall. Kreisler's Violin Recital, at 3.

Bechstein Hall. J. P. Dunn's Second Piano Recital, at 3.

Thursday, November 10

Albert Hall. Royal Choral Society, *Elijah*, at 8.

Bechstein Hall. Miss Iona Robertson's Recital, at 8.30.

Friday, November 11

Æolian Hall. Plunket Greene's Vocal Recital, at 3.30.

Saturday, November 12

Queen's Hall. Symphony Concert, at 3.

Æolian Hall. Misses Smith and Koettgen's Piano Recital, at 3.

Monday, November 14

Bechstein Hall. Sigmund Beel's Violin Recital, at 8.

Tuesday, November 15

Bechstein Hall. Miss Weatherly and Mr. Toy's Second Vocal and Violin Recital, at 8.30.

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

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"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

The Title Page and Index to Volume III. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1*d.* stamp to cover cost of postage.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

London: Wednesday, November 9, 1904

An extraordinary feeling of tension prevailed in well-informed circles last Tuesday evening. The remainder of Admiral Rojhdestvensky's fleet had sailed from Vigo in the morning; a strong squadron of British war vessels was known to be patrolling outside the harbour; and sounds of heavy firing were heard at sea.

* * *

Alarming as was this suggestive intelligence, it was not nearly all. In large type, the late editions informed us that Mr. Balfour had been holding prolonged conferences with the leading Ministers, including Lord Selborne, the head of the Admiralty; Sir John Fisher, the First Sea Lord; and Mr. Arnold-Forster, Secretary for War. Lord Lansdowne, in the meantime, had pirouetted between the Foreign Office—where he had been closeted with the Russian Ambassador—and other Government offices, while in his spare moments he was conferring earnestly with the Premier.

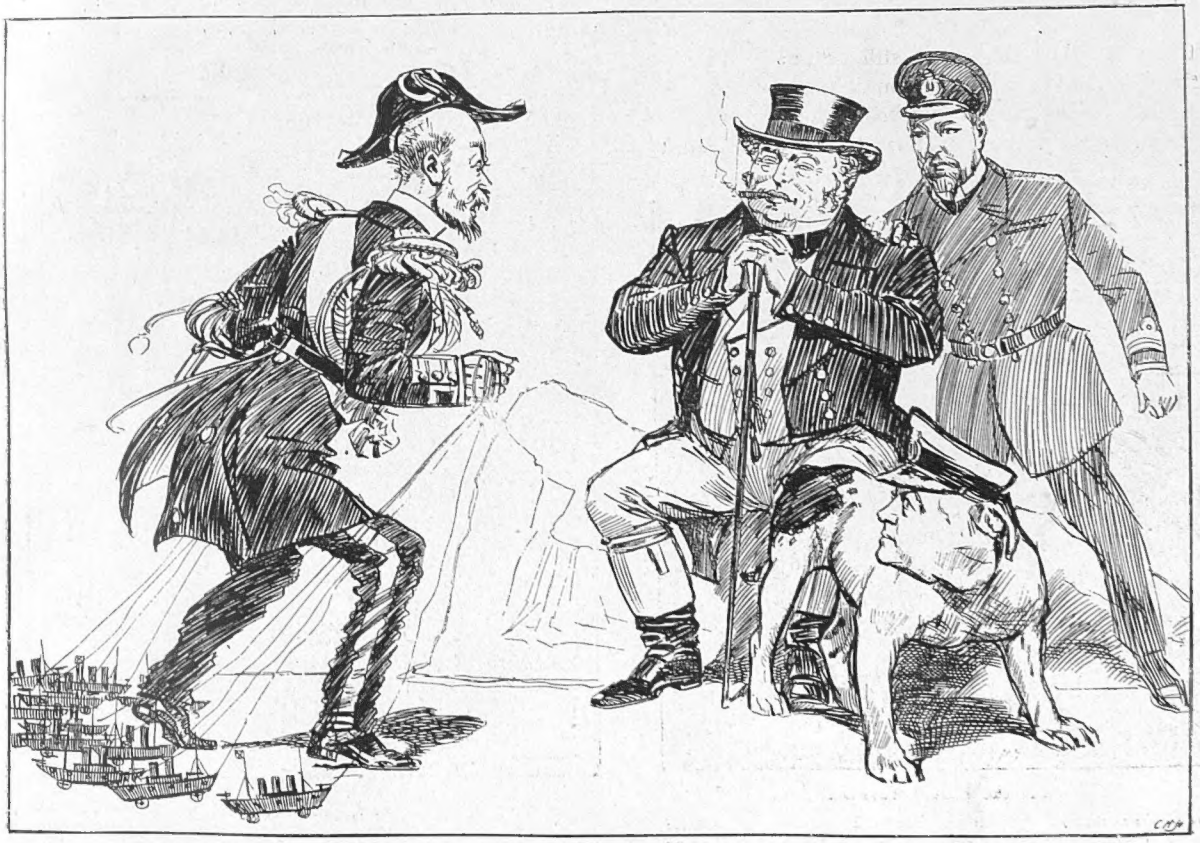
* * *

Meantime, we learnt that the Home Fleet was ready to sail, while the Channel Fleet had cleared for action. The garrison at Gibraltar had taken its position at the Rock, and everything pointed to the probability that with our morning coffee one's digestion would be assisted by reading a full account of how the Russian Armada was sunk off Vigo by the British Squadron. Some people were disappointed that this eventuality did not come to pass, and that we allowed the Russians to leave Vigo alive.

* * *

While respecting those persons for their jealousy in maintaining the honour of Old England, we are

INTERCESSION



Admiral Togo (loq.): "Don't let your bull-dog hurt him, my fleet would be so disappointed"

Kitchener: "Straage! I don't see them"

(It is rumoured that an immense force of Russians is in the neighbourhood of the Himalayas, ready to swoop down on India)

"I'l trouble you, Mr. Joseph, not to follow me about"

(According to Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain is determined to show that he and Mr. Balfour are agreed, much to the embarrassment of the latter)

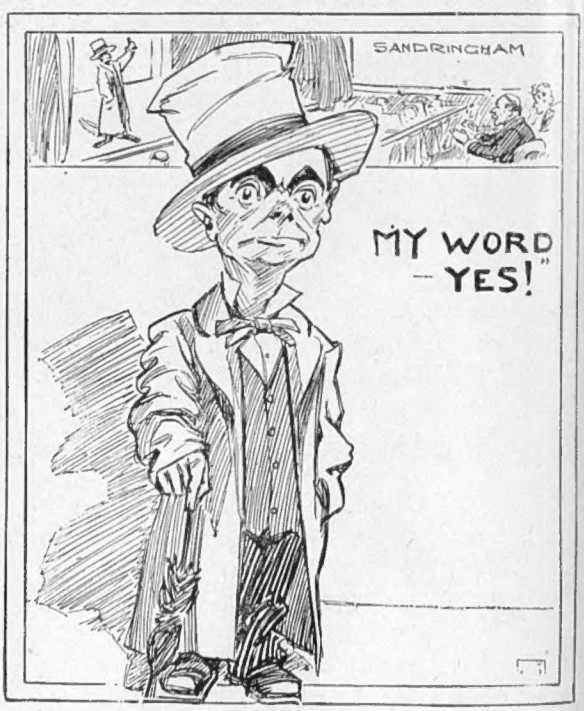
devoutly thankful that such a bellicose feeling did not infect official circles. Looking dispassionately at the evidence which has accumulated during the past week respecting the sinking of our fishing trawlers, it is perfectly clear that they were not attacked by intent, but by mistake. The Russian commander really believed a bogie, in the shape of Japanese torpedo boats, was upon him, at the time when his fleet became engaged with itself; and his Quixotic behaviour is so ridiculous that, with an apology and a substantial payment to the sufferers, the episode is at an end.

* * *

If the Russian Admiralty still retains confidence in the heterogeneous collection of officers and men who have been shipped out to retrieve the nation's fallen fortunes in the Far East, we do not need to protest so long as they do not further endanger neutral shipping, and that is an eventuality we seem to be guarding against. If the Russian Government finds any solace by continuing to believe in the existence of a shadowy Japanese fleet in European waters, why need we bother? The *personnel* of this fleet is obviously composed of very poor seamen, and very poor warriors, but if Russia thinks this Armada will do her service in Chinese waters, it is not our policy to dissuade her. Togo would be bitterly disappointed, we verily believe, if the enemy never gave his men a further chance of having some gunnery practice at sea. And Togo is our very good friend.

Af.er the Fancy Dress Ball

JONES *(inebriated)*: "Shom: of 'em took me fer Lor' Charse Be'sford, and shome of 'em fer R'j's—*(hic)*—venski, an' between 'em—very joll' affair"



Alas, poor Yorick!

(A reminiscence of Dan Leno)

"The lie direct"—From the "Gedeon" (Madrid)

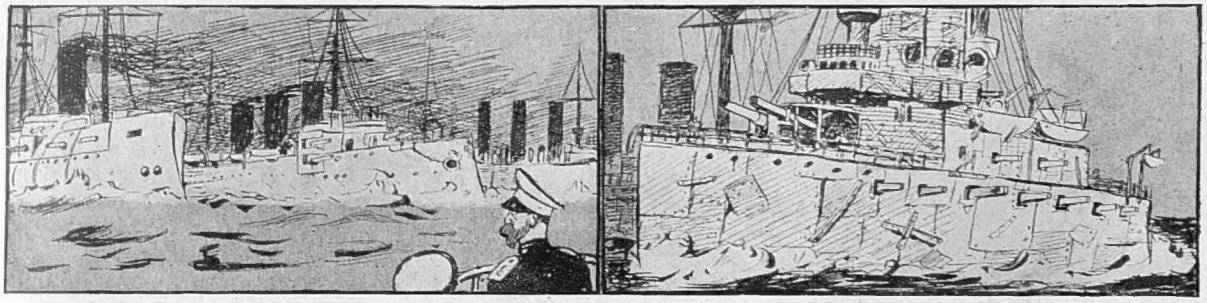
RUSSIAN ADMIRAL: "Excuse me, I thought you were Japanese"
ENGLISH FISHERMAN: "Won't wash! Had you thought we were Japs, you wouldn't have ventured so near"

and even with Russia, but the Teuton is not a *persona grata* to the Englishman. Thus Germany feels spiteful towards us; but we can afford to regard her leniently.

* * *

We should like to take this opportunity, while thanking our readers for the generous support they have accorded to THE BYSTANDER in the past, to remind them that on December 7 we shall commemorate our first birthday. To celebrate the occasion, we shall present to our readers a number containing many additional pages without making any alteration in the price. With this number will be given away two very amusing coloured plates which, we really think, will meet with popular approval, and we shall have a new cover for the occasion. Further particulars may be seen in our advertisement pages (page xv.), but we naturally feel some pride in what is certainly up-to-date enterprise, and feel our readers will pardon us for frankly drawing their attention to the subject.

SOME FOREIGN CARTOONS ON THE NORTH SEA OUTRAGE



The Fleet as the Tsar sees it] "The Tsar's Fleet"—From the "Jugend" (Munich) [The back view

Our wisest course is, therefore, so far from placing any impediments in the way of this egregious armed crew of swashbuckling incompetents, to assist them by every means in our power to get to that part of the world where their presence will not be objectionable. That this pacific policy is sound is well demonstrated by the new attitude of the German Press. They would love to see us at war, and thus be able to steal some of our trade, and it was not for want of their egging us on that we are now at peace. Finding, however, that we do not seem inclined to oblige them, their disappointment and vexation is finding vent. They are waxing sarcastic, and have insinuated that we are afraid of Russia.

* * *

Germany, as a matter of fact, occupies a very insecure position among the nations, and one must make allowances for her occasional bursts of ill-feeling. Russia begins to suspect the genuineness of her friendship. France likes her as little as ever, while her allies, Italy and Austria, would be only too glad to be rid of an irksome alliance that does not now benefit either of them in the slightest. Overtures made to Great Britain have been contemptuously rejected. We can be friends with France, with Italy,

"The only explanation"—From the "Jugend" (Munich)

FIRST GERMAN FISHERMAN: "Now, how on earth can those d——d Russians have come to fire on defenceless fisherfolk?"
SECOND DO.: "How? That's a funny question. Evidently you have never been drunk!"

The King's Birthday

The hearty old English toast inscribed beneath the capital portrait of the King which we publish as our frontispiece this week expresses better than a more formal compliment the sentiments of His Majesty's subjects on his birthday. With every fresh political situation that arises the King increases the respect and admiration of his people. His popularity is of that abiding kind which is won by a man of great personal charm, who is also a man of affairs. King Edward exhibits these two sides to his character with equal naturalness and success. He passes easily from the diplomat to the English country gentleman. The latter is his *rôle* at the present moment, when birthday festivities are in full swing at Sandringham. Many happy returns of the occasion!

Photo by *Langfier*

The Hon. Mrs. Goldmann, daughter of the first Viscount Peel

The Hon. Mrs. Goldmann

The Hon. Mrs. Goldmann, whose portrait we reproduce, is a lady who is well known in both English and South African Society. The daughter of the first Viscount Peel, she has inherited not only the spirit of her family motto, *Industria* (With Industry), but also some share of her father's capacity for hard work. Viscount Peel, it will be remembered, retired in 1895 from the arduous post of Speaker in the House of Commons, to which he had been four times elected. His daughter, who married, in 1899, Mr. Charles Goldmann, the well-known Rand millionaire, saw hard work during the South African War, when she served on the Military Hospital Staff, receiving the Royal Red Cross for services rendered. Mrs. Goldmann, who is a Lady of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem, also takes great interest in the Female Immigration Scheme to South Africa, and a week or so back went personally to Southampton to see off a party of women emigrants. In spite of what the *Daily Chronicle* calls the "New Philosophy of Disparagement," which is the stock-in-trade of the self-styled social censor, we still believe that there are some English men and women left among our upper classes who, by their unselfish devotedness to public affairs, are worthy of our admiration.

Miss Lily Hanbury

Congratulations to Miss Lily Hanbury, who, early in January, is to be married to Mr. Herbert Guedalla, a well-known City chartered accountant. Miss Hanbury comes of a family of players. Her sister, Miss Hilda Hanbury, is well known on the London stage,

and she numbers among her cousins Miss Julia Neilson, Miss Nora Kerin, now playing "Miranda," in *The Tempest*, at His Majesty's, and Miss Hilda Jacobsen, one of the "Sisters," who, in the modern version of *Cinderella (The Catch of the Season)* at the Vaudeville Theatre, is the very reverse of "ugly."

Of Interest to Sussex Folk

The engagement of Miss Marjorie Nevill to her cousin, Mr. Percy Nevill, has aroused great interest in Sussex, and especially in the neighbourhood of Eridge Castle, for the youthful bride-elect—she is only eighteen—is one of the grand-daughters of the venerable Lord Abergavenny, and her father, Lord George Nevill, is very popular. The Nevills are a very united family, and Miss Marjorie Nevill's greatest friend is her first cousin, the youngest daughter of Lord Henry Nevill. Mr. Percy Nevill is an only son, but he has several sisters, of whom perhaps the best known in Society is Viscountess Hardinge.

The Hon. Mrs. Mackinnon, of Mackinnon

It is an interesting coincidence that the elder of the two daughters of the late Lord Hood of Avalon should have become the wife of one of the greatest of Scottish chiefs, Mackinnon of Mackinnon, who is the thirty-fifth bearer of his name. The Mackinnons have played a great part in mediæval Scottish history, and a chief of the clan immensely distinguished himself at the Battle of Worcester; but it was in the '45 that the clan acted with conspicuous valour, the chieftain entertaining Prince Charlie at his castle in Skye, and afterwards himself conducting him through the country he ruled over to that of

Photo by *Langfier*

Miss Lily Hanbury

Whose engagement to Mr. Herbert Guedalla, a well-known City chartered accountant, has just been announced

Macdonald, of Boysdale. The Mackinnon badge is a slip of pine tree. Mr. William Alexander Mackinnon's eldest son and heir, who bears the old Scotch name of Alexander, and that of Hood, after his famous maternal grandfather, is twelve years old. Mrs. Mackinnon, of Mackinnon, is very popular at Folkestone, and, as mistress of Acryse Place, she is one of the most prominent of Kentish hostesses.

"Granny" Gilbert

Mrs. Gilbert, affectionately known throughout the profession in America as "Granny" Gilbert, has just made her *début*, at the age of eighty-four, as a "star" in a play specially written for her by Mr. Clyde Fitch. English readers, apt to be mislead by the word "star," must not imagine that the veteran actress has been playing subordinate parts during her lengthy and distinguished career. In the English sense of the word, Mrs. Gilbert has been a star performer for more years than the average theatre-goer can "go back," as the saying is. For many years she was a member of Mr. Daly's company, being associated in artistic partnership with that rare comedian, the late James Lewis. Only those who have seen Mrs. Gilbert on the stage can appreciate the rare esteem in which she is held. It is doubtful if she ever appeared on the boards without a reception, while the greeting she invariably received on a first night at Daly's used to be in the nature of an ovation. One of her most lively and amusing performances was that of Curtis (changed to a feminine character), Petruchio's servant in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Those who have seen her skip across the stage in the wildly farcical scene before Petruchio's home-coming will not soon forget it.

Photos by

Miss Marjorie Nevill

Daughter of Lord and Lady George Nevill; engaged to be married to Mr. Percy Nevill, son of the Hon. Ralph and Mrs. Nevill, of Birling Manor, Maidstone

Thomson

The Honble. Mrs. Mackinnon, of Mackinnon

Wife of the thirty-fifth chief of the clan Mackinnon

Perhaps the explanation of "Granny" Gilbert's marvellous vitality may be found in her birthplace. She is a Lancashire Lass.

Mrs. Gilbert, the veteran American Actress

Affectionately known throughout the profession as "Granny." Mrs. Gilbert, who is in her eighty-fourth year, has just made her *début* in a new play, *Granny*, written for her by Mr. Clyde Fitch

Mr. James Aitchison

There has, during the last few months, been much discussion in the newspapers as to whether short-sight and defective vision can be cured by a treatment known as "Eye Massage." In the spring we heard of marvellous cures in Paris of short-sight without the use of spectacles or surgical operation, the cure being effected solely by massage. The same discussion is now taking place in this country between Dr. Smith, of the Anti-Vivisection Hospital, and Mr. James Aitchison, the well-known optician. Mr. Aitchison contends that short-sight cannot be permanently cured by massage alone without the use of spectacles, and he has offered to pay the sum of £100 to any charity named by the ubiquitous *Daily Mail* if Dr. Smith can prove, by actual treatment of six cases of short-sight, that he can permanently remedy the error to the extent of one-third. This challenge has awakened a great deal of interest in scientific circles, as Mr. Aitchison is recognised as a competent authority on the subject of optics. Besides being Hon. Treasurer of the Optical Society, Mr. Aitchison has shown his love of science by founding a scholarship at the Northampton Technical Institute, Clerkenwell, and the London County Council has now under consideration a scheme proposed by Mr. Aitchison for the foundation of an Optical Institute.

Photo by Campbell and Gray

Mr. James Aitchison

The well-known optician, who contends that defective vision cannot be permanently cured by "Eye Massage" alone

Photo by Elliott and Fry

Mr. Alfred Sutro

Whose new play, *The Walls of Jericho*, has just been successfully produced by Mr. Arthur Bourchier at the Garrick Theatre

Photo by *Alfred Ellis and Walery*

Miss Camille Clifford

A striking portrait of the noted "Gibson Girl," now playing in *The Catch of the Season* at the Vaudeville

The Lord Mayor's Show

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

Year by year for the past decade the Lord Mayor's Show has been gradually shorn of its time-honoured features. This year, however, promises to be an exception to the rule, and money has been lavishly spent to make the show a success; as the Lord Mayor wittily remarked the other day: "Expense? Blow the expense! In for a Penny, in for a Pound!" I need hardly say that the best way to see the show is from some point of vantage, which should, preferably, be on the line of route. I am given to understand that the programme of the pageant has been kept secret, but it is believed the following features will be introduced:

Order of the Procession

A CITY POLICEMAN
(In Uniform).

A PAUSE.

The Worshipful Company of Fishmongers.

FIRST CAR (ALLEGORICAL).

H.M. the Tsar as the Goddess of Peace, seated on a 7·5in. quick-firing gun, tastefully decorated with swags of fish (TORPEDINIDAE) and trawling nets, the whole being emblematic of His Majesty's well-known Pacific (fleet) Intentions, immediately followed by

THE BAND OF HOPE (Deferred).

ANOTHER PAUSE,

followed by a Mounted Policeman (on horseback).
The Wardens and Immediate Past Masters in The Worshipful Company of Scandalmongers.
Eagerly followed by The Halfpenny Press.

SECOND CAR (HYSTERICAL).

In the centre a Tableau: Mr. Arthur Bourchier as "Jack Frobisher," pointing the finger of Scorn at a quartet of the Smart Set, who are unconcernedly playing Bridge. On either side groups representing

(1) The Rev. R. J. Campbell denouncing a working-man.
(2) Mr. W. T. Stead evincing extreme repugnance to the Pin-erometrics of our leading dramatist.

TWO MORE POLICEMEN!

Section of a Model Cottage designed by Mr. Justice Grantham, containing fanciful group entitled "DOUBLE OR QUITS?"; representing Justice blindfolded, offering £2,000 to Mr. Adolf Beck; the whole profusely decorated with Red Tape.

THIRD CAR (PROGRESS).

Magnificent Model of State Barge, *temp.* Charles I.
Magnificent Model of Thames River Steamboat (1905?).
Stage Coach, 1837—S. E. and C. R. Third-class Carriage, 1904.

BAND OF HOPE Again!

SHERIFFS AND ALDERMEN OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Policemen, Firemen, Bootblacks, Volunteers, Railway Porters, etc., etc.

THE WORSHIPFUL THE LORD MAYOR.

I may add that there are signs that the illuminations for the King's Birthday will be of an unusually artistic nature. I noticed a particularly happy idea in Pall Mall, which consisted of a Royal crown with the letters E and R on either side of it, which struck me as a distinct novelty.

Photos by *Russell*

Alderman John Pound — Mrs. Pound

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS

During the Lord Mayor's Show

"Do not trust him, gentle lady"—*Old Song*

After the Lord Mayor's Show

Elderly Miss *(to maid whom, in one of her occasional fits of philanthropy, she has allowed to go and see the Lord Mayor's Show)*: "And did you enjoy the procession, Pansy?"

Pansy: "Oh, yes, Miss. You would 'ave liked it, Miss; the police looked just *lovely* in their new tunics"

"At the Sign of the Times"

Will Duelling Return?

It is our private belief that the return to Protection in this country will very shortly be followed by a return to duelling. Already personalities are on the increase. Lord Rosebery has incautiously referred to "the burly lineaments of Mr. Chaplin." Mr. Chaplin has declared—in the *Times*—that "a grosser or more gratuitous misrepresentation . . . of one public man by another has seldom, if ever, been made." If this sort of thing is to continue, pistols for two and coffee for four are bound to be required.

Parliamentary Amenities

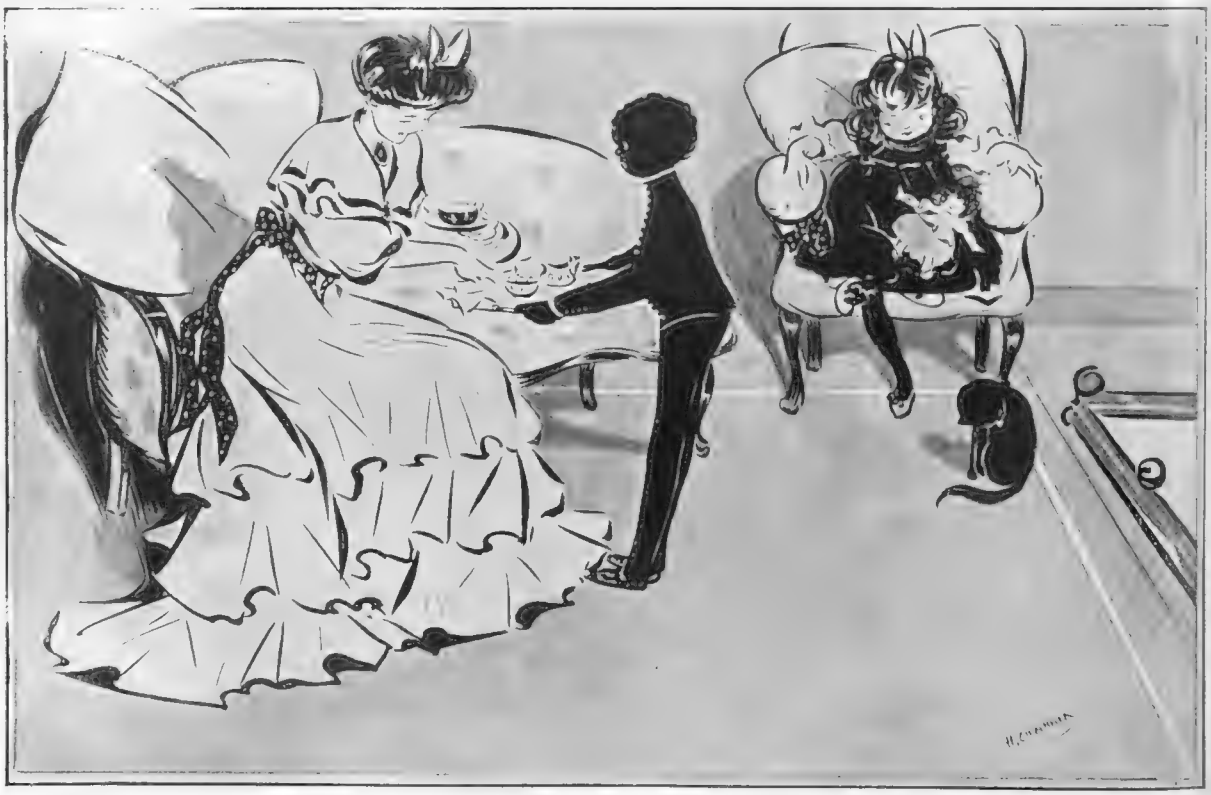
Yet, we read only a little time ago that the amenities of Parliamentary life were never so great as now. That may have been true of our English Parliament—a little time ago. It certainly does not hold good of any other at the present moment. The French Chamber is notoriously the only place in the world where Frenchmen are not polite. The German Reichstag is, from time to time, as it is said, "mere Bebel." The Austrian and Hungarian Parliaments like nothing so much as to be turned suddenly into bear-gardens. And now the Spanish Cortes—where, in our ignorance, we imagined courtesy and stateliness to hold a mediæval sway—has been given away by the newspapers. Over what seems to us quite a trivial affair, the ac[illegible]sions of the Opposition rose, and—says a contemporary—"ink-pots were thrown at the Vice-President." Probably with ink in them.

A Peril from Afar

A new danger threatens us from America. We have always deemed it our humble duty to protest in these columns against the Americanisation of England, and, perhaps in this particular case, to be fore-warned is to be fore-armed. It seems, then, that the American magazines have all taken a political part in the Presidential campaign by putting their candidate in the way best calculated to appeal to their readers. Thus—according to our authority—a magazine appealing to the home, recommends the election of Roosevelt, on the ground that he is so kind to his family; a literary magazine, on the ground that he has written various strenuous essays; a wine trade journal, we presume, on the ground that he knows a good claret when he sees it.

The Kind of Thing

The danger is that we shall imitate this sort of thing at the next General Election, if it proves a success. The idea is painful, even supposing it goes no further than this. Imagine "Mr. Chamberlain's record as a sportsman" in the *Pink 'un*, as an inducement to give one's vote for Tariff Reform; "A Sunday morning with Mr. Balfour" in the *Quiver*; "Where Mr. Brodrick buys his boots" in the



"Mamma, was Sambo always black?"
"Yes, dear"
"Was he born black?"
"Yes, dear"
(After a pause) "Oh! how surprised his mamma must have been!"

Shoemakers' Gazette. Our ladies' journals have had the grace to abstain from any open booming of political parties. That abstention will no longer be possible. "Cosy Chats with Campbell-Bannerman"—"Sir Henry Fowler in the Boudoir"—"Is Mr. Austen Chamberlain *chic*? (By the Countess)." This is the sort of thing we shall have to expect, if we allow ourselves to attempt the sincerest form of flattery. Luckily there is an "if."

"Genius"

Most people will agree with the *Times* estimate of Dan Leno as "the only comedian of modern times in his own class in connection with whom the word 'genius' could be used with propriety." Quite what the *Times* means by "in his own class" we do not know, but presumably the reference is to the music-hall stage. So far as that goes, we doubt if any comedian of modern times on any stage is as much entitled to be called a genius. A correspondent has suggested the following quatrain:

Who that remembers all his matchless char.
Is sure if he would have us cry or laugh
Living, he made our sides ache: now he's dead—
Such was his way—our hearts must ache instead.

Drawn by W. F. Dodson

Family Doctor: "I am sorry to tell you, Mrs. Brown, that your nephew is suffering from dipsomania"

Mrs. Brown: "There, doctor, I never did 'old with so much sea bathin'"

C.O.D.—R.I.P.

As a nation of shopkeepers, we ought to sympathise with the latest triumph of the small retail dealer. He has reduced the Postmaster-General to submission. There is to be no C.O.D.; and we shall have to continue paying cash before delivery, or else running up bills, which is, perhaps, more usual. The P.-G. resigned his scheme with a sigh, and an unkind hit at those people who are always abusing the Post-office for being out of date, and always pestering it if it tries to introduce any reform. The answer to this is, presumably, that it is wiser to correct obvious abuses than to introduce dubious reforms, if you wish the life of a Postmaster-General to be a happy one.

Concerning Postal Orders

Concerning C.O.D., however, it is but right to remark that, if it does come, as the P.-G. prophesies, it will certainly save the purchaser—as opposed to the small shopkeeper—a good deal of trouble. For it will save him—or her (her most, perhaps)—from the tyranny of the postal order. We do not wish to take sides on the matter—but the postal order is a maddening thing. Consider a P.O. for two shillings—an infinitesimal sum. It has to be fetched from the post-office in the first place, and everybody knows what a lot the young ladies of the post-office have to say to one another before they will attend to a trivial matter like this.

How to Earn Two Shillings—with difficulty

Secondly, that postal order (for two shillings) has to be filled in, enclosed in an envelope, addressed, stamped, and posted. It is not worth registering of course, but, on the other hand, it is worth two shillings to a dishonest postman if he chooses to extract it from its envelope—an easy, though of course uncommon, proceeding. If it reaches its destination safely, the person to whom it is made out has to fill in his part of it and cash it within three months, again at the risk of interrupting the conversation of some post-office lady assistants. He usually forgets to cash it, and pays a forfeit. . . . On the whole, two shillings may more easily be earned by sweeping snow. Minimus.

Without Apology

A contemporary contains an advertisement of a "plot sale." We wish some of our leading novelists would attend it.

From the *Morning Leader*:

600 BARKING MEN DEMAND WORK.

We have known for a long while that some working-men have been growling.

We are to have no C.O.D. at present. Quite so. We have had too much fish—red herrings, etc.—of recent years.

At the Garrick Theatre

"THE WALLS OF JERICHO." By Alfred Sutro

Mr. Sutro has not yet learned the tremendous explanatory powers which must be packed into a phrase before it is received into the currency of the language.

"Smart Set" is a mere vulgar *nouveau riche* in the elegant circle of modern phraseology. For that very reason it carries its justification with it wherever it goes. "Smart Set" is a sibilant synonym to the least imaginative, for that gilded section of Society, the members of which Satan gathers into his fold, not by means of pitchfork and cloven hoof, but of the cigarette, the cake-walk, and the bridge-marker. Mention to the virtuous and suburban Jones the phrase, "Smart Set," and to the tip of his tongue there springs a tirade, not so eloquent as Mr. Sutro's best, but equally enlightening, concerning the depraved diurnal routine of the debased peer's designing daughter.

Mr. Sutro has written a very effective play by making an "Aunt Sally" of the "Smart Set." But one had to wait long before the booth was up, the serried lines of "Aunt Sallies" were placed in position, and there was heard the merry raucous voice of the showman crying "three shies a penny." In fact, *The Walls of Jericho* were long a-building, and we became impatient for the appearance of the trumpeter. The first act was all cake-walk and epigram; the second opened with bridge, and bid fair to close before the rubber was finished. An act and a half over, and business done—merely one Queensland squatter, Jack Frobisher, shown to be unhappy with his Society spouse, Lady Alethea. The magic phrase "Smart Set" was sufficient. There was too much business before the *mise-en-scène* was complete. Mr. Sutro should have trusted more to the magical influence of the phrase "Smart Set." Besides, the many materials at his command ought to have enabled him to build his wall in half the time. Judging by the slowness of his progress, he might have had as many distractions at his task as the immortal Balbus of our school days. The wall once completed, however, Mr. Sutro set upon his task of demolition with an engaging relish which gave a welcome air of sincerity to the play.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier

As Jack Frobisher in *The Walls of Jericho*

Lady Westerby toppled the first stone of the fabric. She was not a born aristocrat, mark you, else she would not have been found among the exalted band of destroyers. Lady Westerby bore the title conferred on her by a deceased husband with an air of penance for past gallivantings. One felt, that yearn as she might, that title barred her for ever from the chaste circle of the untitled and the principled.

Lady Westerby told the squatter "to be a man," with results which, though startling, could hardly be termed surprising. When you call upon the manhood of the bush-fighter, the man "who has brought water down from the hills" (the popular idea of Australian irrigation is the difficult passage of water from the depths of the earth) and "raised cities—for men," it is time to clear the stage for action. Jack Frobisher, thus appealed to, loses not a moment. He rings the bell and tells the powdered menial who appears that Lady Alethea is never again at home to Mr. Harry Dallas—the position of this gentleman in the *ménage* is obvious. He receives Mr. Harry Dallas himself, and forces him to retreat in order, which is only good owing to the presence of Hankey Bannister, his (Frobisher's) brother of the bush.

Lady Westerby, in mildly cynical mood, tells Frobisher he is one of those men who let women have their way for years, and then wish to drag them by the hair. Frobisher does not drag his wife by the hair, but he is most commendably rude to her, and administers the soundest rating that has been heard on the stage in many a year. That speech alone is worth the price of admission to any part of the Garrick Theatre. Compared with that tirade, Prospero's curse on Caliban is merely a mild rebuke; the decree of excommunication pronounced upon Fra Andrea in *The Prayer of the Sword* is merely a polite request for him to join another Faith. It is the quintessence of all the horrid things said about Society from Juvenal down to Marie Corelli. There is not an unsharpened corner to it. It is a perfect, bristling specimen of stage denunciation. It is so complete and so exhaustive as to transmogrify the wretched Alethea into a pattern of all the virtues which she had hitherto transgressed. The contrast between the natures of Frobisher and his wife was most skilfully portrayed, but the submission of the wife was brought about almost too easily.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh has the greatest chances in the play. She expressed the petulance, frivolity, and shallow philosophy of the worldling with admirable light and shade. Indeed, it would be difficult to commend the playing of both Mr. and Mrs. Bourchier too highly. Mr. O. B. Clarence's Marquis of Steventon had mannerisms which had the quaint effect of recalling Sir Henry Irving's Shylock. Miss Muriel Beaumont has, until this play, had but slender opportunities of demonstrating her unmistakable gift of light comedy. She played Lady Lucy Derenham, the precocious younger sister of the Society wife, with an undercurrent of mischief and *diablerie* which was very taking. E. C. S.

FROM ABROAD

St. Peter's, Rome

A splendid group of figures in marble has just been added to the many treasures and works of art contained in St. Peter's, Rome. Our two illustrations show the group ready to be hauled, by means of enormous levers and ropes, up the steps of the great Cathedral. The beautiful monument is the work of Professor Cesare Aureli. Its chief figure represents "St. Giovanni Battista del la Salle," the founder of the "Brothers of Bible Schools and Religious Meetings." With a tender, patient expression he is telling two children of God's almighty love and wisdom. The group is five metres in height, and weighs 760 cwt. Eighteen bullocks were necessary to draw this colossus, which has been placed in a commanding position in the nave of the church on the right-hand side, in one of the great marble recesses about sixty-five feet from the ground.

The new colossal Monument for St. Peter's, Rome

Hauling the monument, by means of great levers and ropes, up to the steps of the Cathedral

The Late Princess of the Asturias

Universal sympathy will again go out to the Queen-Mother of Spain in her recent bereavement. The Princess of the Asturias, who died after giving birth to a daughter, had reached an age when she was able to sympathise with the Queen in her many troubles. In addition to the many stormy crises which Spain has gone through, the brunt of which fell upon Queen Isabella, it is a matter of common knowledge that the young King Alfonso was for many years a source of great anxiety, though latterly much of that has been removed by the young King's increasing qualifications for the high position into which he was born. The Princess, who was the elder of the Queen's daughters, was in her twenty-fifth year. She married Prince Charles of Bourbon-Siciles, and was extremely popular in Madrid. Our illustrations are of the funeral, which was the signal for an outburst of public sympathy. A crowd of 50,000 persons waited outside the Escurial, the gloomy burying-place of Spanish Royalty, whence the *cortège* passed from the Palace.

The new Monument for St. Peter's Rome

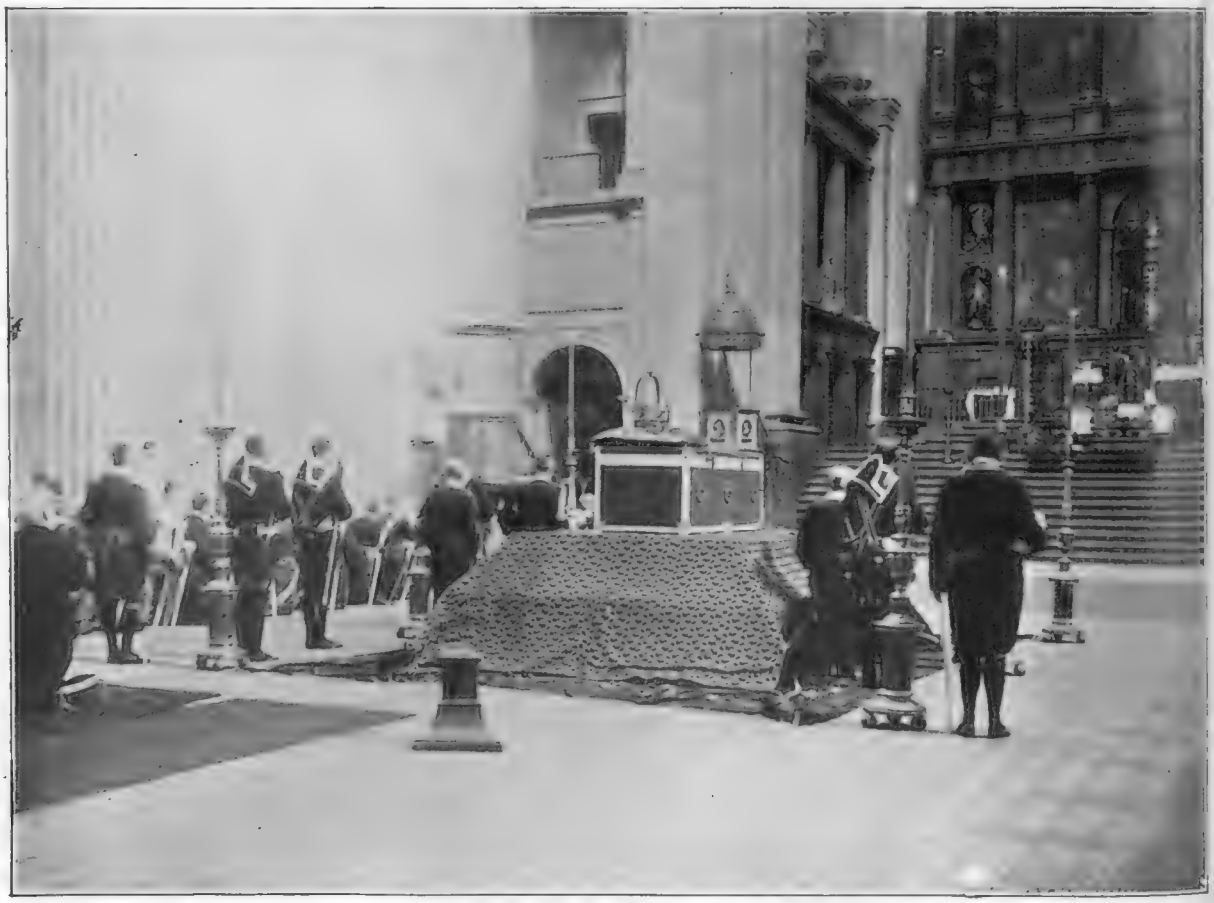
The monument, which is the work of Professor Cesare Aureli, represents St. Giovanni instructing two children in the word of God

The Tibetan "Devil Dance"

The Tibetan religion, which includes many weird and mysterious rites, has one with some points of picturesqueness. The "Devil Dance," illustrated on page 394, takes place once or twice a year. On this occasion the priests wear hideous masks, and indulge in a frantic dance to the beatings of a tom-tom. The belief is that, on death the spirit re-enters a bodily form on earth. But before the spirit can find its new earthly shape, it has to pass through a lonely and desolate valley, inhabited by demons and spirits of darkness. The dance is intended to frighten the evil spirits.

The funeral of the Princess of the Asturias, the elder sister of the King of Spain: On the road to the Escurial

A crowd of 50,000 people gathered outside the Royal Chapel, Madrid, to catch a glimpse of the coffin containing the remains of the Princess. The streets were lined with troops, but in spite of the precautions taken many people were injured in the crush which took place when the Chapel doors were opened for the public to pass through



Photos by] **The celebration of the Solemn Requiem Mass in the Chapel of the Escurial** [*Rochlitz*

The Princess was buried in the Pantheon of the Infantas of Spain in the gloomy palace of the Escurial, which was built for that half-king and half-monk, Philip II. of Spain, and completed in 1584

The Eventful Voyage of the Russian Baltic Fleet

Photo by *Worsley*

Vigo, where part of the Russian Fleet was detained while preliminary enquiries concerning the North Sea outrage were made

Not for the first time Vigo figures in the naval history of this country. It was taken by Drake in 1585 and 1589, and by Lord Cobham in 1719. In 1702 the Spanish Galleons, defended by a French fleet, were captured and destroyed at Vigo by the British and Dutch. Latterly the eyes of all Europe have been turned to Vigo, owing to the critical situation brought about by the sailing of the Russian Baltic Fleet

Photo by *Chusseau-Flaviens*

Tangier, whither the remainder of the Fleet repaired after leaving Vigo

Photo by *Cleaver*

View of the town of Tangier

Tangier is situated on a small bay of the Straits of Gibraltar, but 38 miles S.W. of "The Rock." It is a small town of badly-built houses, straggling over two hills. It has an extensive shipping trade, though the harbour is a mere roadstead

THE "DEVIL DANCE" OF THE TIBETAN LAMAS

The Lamas have instituted this gruesome dance in order to terrify the powers of darkness by the hideousness of their masquerade, so that they may leave the lonely spirit in peace to find its new earthly tenement (see page 391)

PARISIANA

THE LIGHT SIDE OF LIFE IN PARIS

By "V. DE PARIS"

M. André Antoine
The most popular of Parisian managers

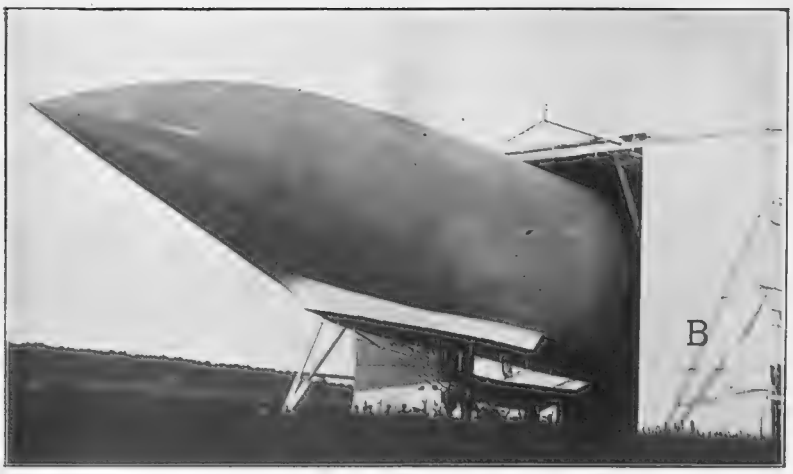
M. Charles Le Bargy
Who will shortly appear in London with Madame Jane Hading

Rarely has the Ville Lumière known so bright an autumn, either meteorologically or theatrically speaking, as it is revelling in this year. The *rénaissance* of *opérette* at the Variétés, where we have had three fine revivals of old favourites already, and are, before these lines appear in print, to have a new and Paris-made *opérette*, called *M. de la Palisse*, has drawn the town. The *entente cordiale* is well supported by translations of *A Christmas Carol* at the Odéon, *A Monkey's Paw* at Antoine's, and *A Country Girl* at the Olympia; and Cluny is filled every evening with an audience laughing in true Gallic style at a new farce, *Le Truc du Brésilien*, which is intensely comical, but would be hard to mention here in detail. The Nouveautés, too, has achieved success again, and the boards where *La Demoiselle de chez Maxim* behaved so badly, but so comically, invite all comers to *La Gueule du Loup*, an invitation which, forbidding though the title sound, is well worth accepting.

When records of the twentieth century stage in Paris come to be written, two names should gleam in golden letters on the page—those of André Antoine and Charles Le Bargy. Antoine, though only forty-six, has been a Paris manager for nearly twenty years, for he was only twenty-nine when, after no stage experience save that to be gained in the Theatre Royal du Back Drawing Room, he

Photo by *Raphael*

M. Parès, the conductor of the famous band of the French Republican Guard, which has just returned from the St. Louis Exhibition



The Lebaudy Airship leaving the shed

This airship, which has for the moment eclipsed those of the redoubtable Santos Dumont, belongs to MM. Pierre and Paul Lebaudy, two cousins of the famous Jacques Lebaudy, the self-styled Emperor of the Sahara

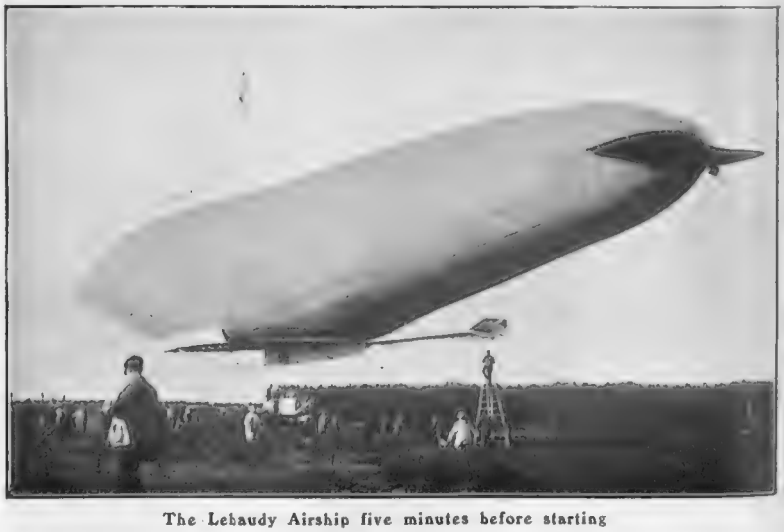
started the Théatre Libre, and achieved a name. The names of Antoine and stage progress here in France are synonyms, for he was the first of French managers to admit that there were plays in both Germany and England worth the translation, and that a Frenchman might learn something from abroad in such details as stage scenery and stage effect. Just now, three plays—an English play (*The Monkey's Paw*), a German one (*Discipline*), and *L'Asile de Nuit*, a droll home product—fill the bill and the house at Antoine's; but in a short while we are to have *King Lear*, dressed in French prose by Pierre Loti, and wonderfully mounted. In the French *Lear* there will be no cutting, and all the four-and-twenty scenes which Shakespeare wrote are to be given, each in a separate frame.

About Charles Le Bargy I need tell you little, for in a month, when he and Madame Jane Hading appear in London, you will have an opportunity of judging this prince of Parisian stage lovemakers for yourselves. He is, although his worshippers at the Conservatoire will not believe it, close upon fifty years of age, and made his *début* at the Française nearly a quarter of a century ago. He is *jeune premier* now in every sense, and rumour has it that he and his gifted wife, a lady who can act in English and in German with no more trace of accent than exists in her own beautifully pure French, will, before long, go into management in a new theatre to be built for them in the Champs Elysées.

The orchestra of the Garde Républicaine—such an unhappy and so bilious a band—has come back from St. Louis, and M. Parès, their chief, has vented troubles by the column into the sympathetic note-books of the French reporters. The Guard, spoiled as it has been by enthusiasm on its wake wherever it has journeyed hitherto, was much upset, it seems, at the *sans gêne* with which it was received in the United States. "But little notice of us has been taken," said M. Parès pathetically, "and *O mon Dieu, mon Dieu!* the cooking!" In a week after its arrival, it appears, the Guard was anything but well, and it could not afford to wash down the too spiced and too besugared food with mineral waters, for these, *hélas!*—I quote M. Parès again—cost three shillings a bottle. And then the people of St. Louis had the bad taste to ask these deeply injured men to play the "Wacht am Rhein." "What will you?" said M. Parès, when mentioning this insult. "I would not resuscitate an international incident. I said we knew it not, the 'Wacht am Rhein.'" And this heroic silence closed the matter.

While M. Jacques Lebaudy, whom the world knows as Sahara's Kaiser, soars to unheard of heights in mere imagination, his cousins, Pierre and Paul, are soaring literally and more scientifically, and M. Santos Dumont must look to his laurels. The Lebaudy airship is, to the layman, more picturesque a vessel far than those of M. Santos Dumont, and its success is quite as undoubted as that of M. Dumont's fleet. The brothers, Pierre and Paul Lebaudy, who own the swallow-like ship our illustrations depict, belong to what Parisians call, in irony, the "poor" branch of the Lebaudy family, for their inheritance was a mere seven millions sterling as against the thirteen inherited by the three brothers, Jacques (the Emperor), Robert, and Max, known as *le petit sucrier*, who died some years ago during his military service. Both MM. Pierre and Paul Lebaudy are enthusiastic aeronauts, and frequently go up aloft in their balloon; and while both brothers take an active part in the conduct of their huge sugar refinery business in the Rue de Flandre, one of them, Paul, whose wife is of the family of Prince Murat, is looked upon as a coming politician, and is a member of the Chamber of Deputies.

V. DE PARIS.



The Lebaudy Airship five minutes before starting

M. Pierre Lebaudy and the aeronaut are in the car. Both MM. Pierre and Paul Lebaudy, although taking an active part in their great sugar business, are enthusiastic aeronauts, and are often to be seen "on the wing" in their huge machine

THE INGENUE: "But surely it is right to marry for love?"

THE GIRL OF EXPERIENCE: "Love is an *excuse* for marriage, but *money*, my dear child, is a *justification*"

CONCERNING THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

(NO. 49 OF THE SERIES)

There can be nothing tedious about ruling the Austrian Empire. There is usually something going on. To govern a bundle of so many nationalities, all with names so hard to pronounce, is no easy matter in itself. When each nationality is continually giving out, for the information of Europe, that it hates all the rest, or as many of them as it has heard of, with a burning hatred that can only be quenched in blood, the task of government grows to the proportions of a serious undertaking. Exactly how many races, peoples, and national ideals there are at any given moment co-existing in the dominions of the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, it is not possible to say. The body-politic of the Dual Monarchy is always budding off some new and potent political aspiration for the saving of the country, most commonly taking the form of a proposal to give a large area of it to somebody else, or to drive a large part of the population out of the Empire by force. All the different kinds of people that live in Hungary loathe all the different kinds of people that live in Austria, and *vice versâ*. All the Catholics in both realms loathe all the Protestants; and the feeling is reciprocal. All the Christians loathe all the Jews. The Jews do not proclaim that they loathe anybody, but it is hard to believe that they have escaped the universal infection of hatred. There is a Pan-German party of great and growing power, which wants a good deal of the country to belong to the Kaiser Wilhelm; there is a Pan-Slav party, which wants another large slice to belong to Tsar Nicholas; and there is a swiftly increasing Social-Democratic party, which wants everything to belong to everybody.

These are a few of the elements of national disturbance with which the Emperor Francis Joseph has been doing his best to deal for the past fifty-five years. During the greater part of that time people have been pointing out that a realm so rent by disorder and differences could not continue to stand. They are pointing it out still. Austria breaks up—in the monthly magazines—about as often as a public school. The numerous and imposing band of gentlemen who write in those periodicals, under pseudonyms chosen to convey an impression of the utmost weight, are almost unanimous in declaring that the death of the venerable Emperor will be the signal for a flying apart of the dominions he has ruled so long. It may be so. At least one thing is sure: there is in the world no monarch better loved and respected to-day than Francis Joseph.

Far otherwise must the verdict have been in any discussion of the Emperor's popularity fifty years ago. Francis Joseph was, it is possible, the most detested man in Europe in the early days of his power, when he, a mere youth, looked on at the savage suppression of a five-fold revolution in the countries under his sway.

The Hapsburg temper, however, is a curious thing. It has weathered many storms. It was written that the Hapsburg dominions were to have liberal institutions and good government, instead of the article which the young Emperor offered them at first; and, to his credit, he permitted the change. He did more; for he was great enough to resolve that the system, which he mistrusted and disliked, should be a success, if efforts of his could make it so.

"The most industrious man in the realm," was the character given him by one of his own Prime Ministers. How the thing is done one shudders to conjecture; but the fact appears to be that the Emperor sits down to his desk every morning, in all seasons of the year, at five o'clock—an hour which some thinkers have declared to be purely imaginary, in the absence of any direct evidence of its existence. He knows more about Austrian politics than any man among his subjects, and almost as much as some English leader-writers. He knows, too, an astonishing deal about the local affairs of every corner of the country; for he is one of the most accessible monarchs living, and it is his custom to hold, twice a week, general audiences, attended by Poles, Germans, Czechs, Magyars, Italians, Jews, Serbs, Moslems, Croats, Ruthenians, Slovenians, and other of his subjects. He finds it soothing.

When his private Babel palls upon him, the Emperor has a favourite sport. It is rather an uncommon thing for gentlemen of his age—seventy-three—to go wild-boar hunting. Doctors do not recommend it, for it is one of the most dangerous methods of passing the time yet discovered; especially under the peculiarly perilous conditions on which the Royal sportsman insists. His next favourite amusement is going to the circus at Vienna with the children of his daughter, the Archduchess Valerie.

All the world knows of the private sorrows which have clouded the Emperor's life. His brother, Maximilian, was murdered in Mexico. His only son died a death still surrounded with mystery and scandal. Finally his wife died by the hand of a miserable fanatic, on the eve of the celebration of her husband's jubilee.

One of the most popular acts of the Emperor was his attending personally—with a stick—to the correction of his nephews, the Archdukes Francis Ferdinand and his brother Otto. One of these young men halted a peasant funeral in the road, and amused himself by leaping his horse over the coffin. The other grossly insulted his own wife.

The Head of the Hapsburgs

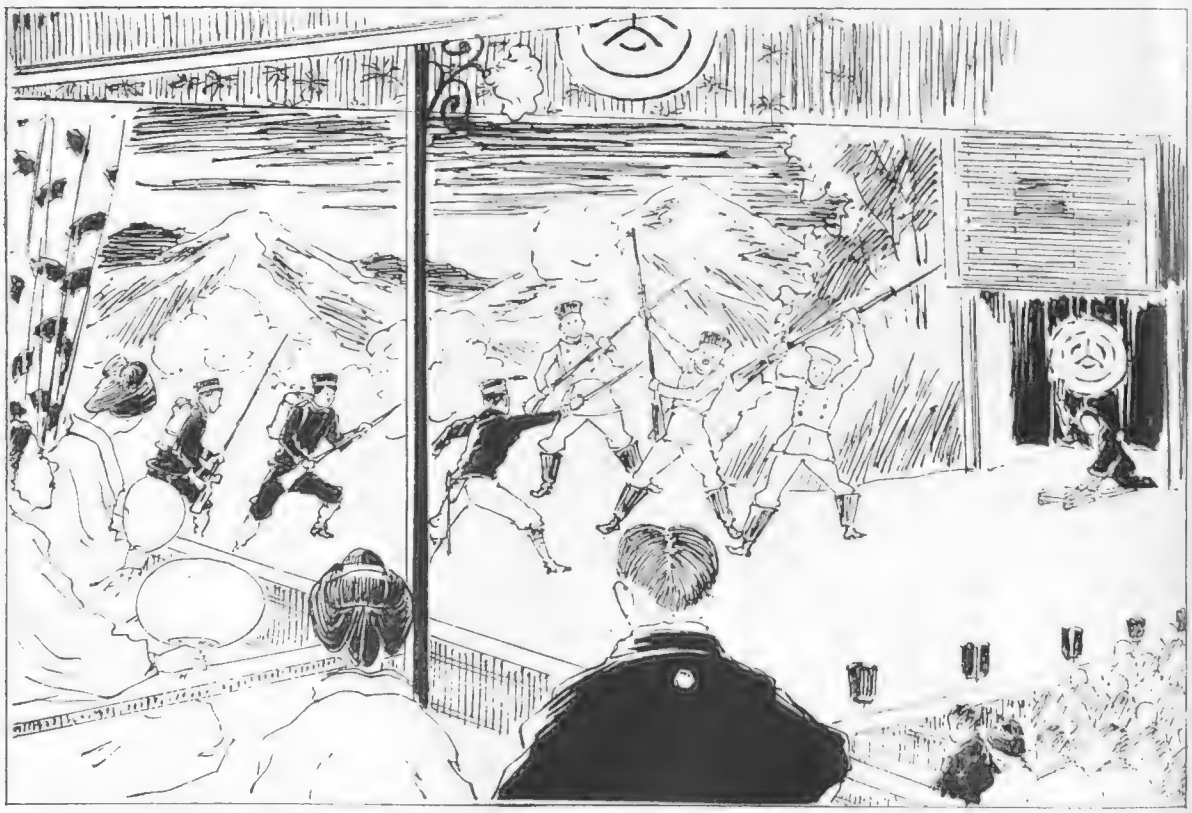
The War Fever in Japan

"BLOOD-AND-THUNDER" MELODRAMA AT A THEATRE IN KYOTO

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN JAPAN)

Of all the places in Japan, Kyoto remains my favourite haunt, and each repeated visit here reveals some hitherto unexplored delight to charm me. There is an element of sadness in the air of the place at present though, for in a city given up to the arts, beauty, dress, and amusement, the present war struggles, hard times, and need of money are, of course, plainly apparent. One rides for miles through streets almost deserted, past rows of little shops—now closed—whilst the large emporiums, that of old were daily crowded with eager purchasers, must now content themselves with a few straggling visitors — it is the scene of a fast dying city. Tourists and travellers from abroad have always thronged here, bringing to the place unlimited money—this year Japan has not been looked upon with favour as a pleasure ground for globe-trotters, hence her tradespeople must suffer. Yet, to the newcomer, Kyoto still presents in many ways a gay and fascinating scene, and the patriotism of her people is an interesting study. Proofs of it are apparent in every turn of her streets—from the banners and lanterns, gay with the "Rising Sun," hung over each doorway, to the troops of school children dressed in military costumes parading the streets with fife and drum; and from the bookshops, where gorgeously coloured prints display war scenes with a gory realism too crude for our Occidental tastes, down to the street pedlars of cheap geegaws and sweetmeats who cater to the public taste with their booths or carts made to represent warships, cannons, etc. The illustration of one of these vendors, reproduced here, was sketched for me by a Japanese artist as the "okashiya" (sweetmeat seller), was trundling his wares through the street, followed by a crowd of admiring children.

Last night the manager of this delightful Miyako Hotel, where we are staying, asked us if we would care to go to the native theatre there, to see a war play that is nightly playing to thousands of eager spectators. A visit to a Japanese theatre is always of interest to me, the audience contributing as much to my pleasure as the players; so, hastily entering our rickshaws, we dashed down the hill into the town,



Sketched by *A Japanese Artist*

A scene in the melodramatic Japanese war play which is now taking Kyoto by storm

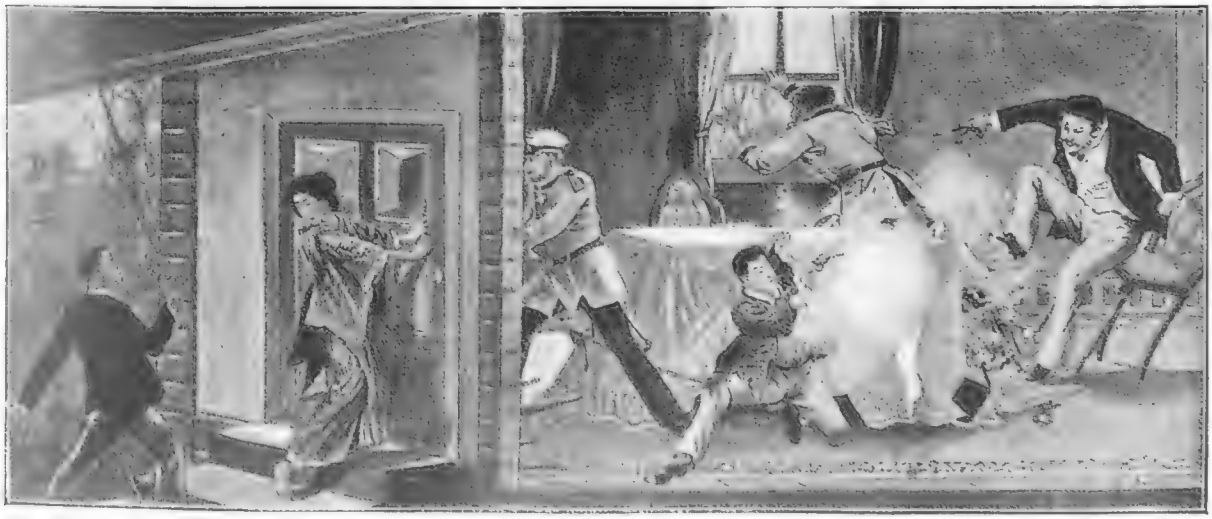
The Japanese stage is altogether too sanguinary for English tastes, scenes of bloodshed being acted in a manner far surpassing anything put forth in the old days of the Adelphi and Transpontine Melodrama

and on to a narrow street known as the region of theatres and side-shows. When we entered the theatre, the curtain had just gone down on the first act; and the enthusiastic applause and shouts of "Banzai!" from the delighted audience was deafening. The play dealt with the treachery of a Japanese Government official, Ono Zaburo, who lived near Port Arthur with a dancing girl he had beguiled away from Tokyo; he is approached by Russian officers from time to time with bribes, as he is in the possession of papers of great value to them; he resists the temptation for a few months, but eventually gives way and betrays his country — which is the signal for the appearance of the hero, a Japanese spy, Sheino Nagahama, who, winning the sympathy and affection of the dancing girl, persuades her to show him Ono Zaburo's private study, where, hiding under the table, he overhears all the treachery of his countryman, and at the moment when the Russian general is about to hand over a large sum of money, he shows himself, and overpowers and shoots all the inmates of the room.

Sketched by] **"Jingoism" in Kyoto** [*A Japanese Artist*

Having rigged up a small model of a Japanese battleship, this gentleman appeals to the patriotic impulses of his compatriots, and sells twice as many sweets as his less enterprising competitors

Another act shows Sheino Nagahama before his superior officers in camp—he has just escaped from the Russians, and is a pitiful sight, as swaying before his colonel, his body literally torn with shells, he gasps out his story, and finally, from a great wound in his side, pulls out a blood-stained map that he has thus saved from the enemies' hands—then, with a convulsive start, falls over dead. The Japanese audience is one quick to respond to emotional appeals—and many of the women about me were sobbing, while the men and children were shouting out "Banzai!" with a husky, tell-tale note in their throats. I have often heard it remarked that the Japanese stage was too sanguinary a one for European tastes. I confess that last night there were so many streams of red paint and harrowing scenes depicted in this war play, that we were not loath to leave the theatre and once again enter the streets, lively with their crowds of sightseers.



Reproduced from the] **The great "scarlet" scene of the Kyoto war play** [*Original Japanese programme*

The villain of the play is a treacherous Jap who has arranged to sell important secrets to the Russians. The hero has been informed of his design by a dancing girl, and is enabled to secrete himself under a table in the room. In the midst of the conspiracy he emerges from his hiding place (as shown in our illustration), shoots Russian and Jap conspirators alike, causing rivers of blood (red paint) to trickle across the stage, and finally, in a later scene, his body torn by Russian shells, expires in the manner usual to melodramatic stage heroes

HOW PUBLIC OPINION IS MADE IN RUSSIA: "THE WH

This cartoon, and similar ones, all highly coloured, are published by large printing firms in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, and other Russian cities. The firms publishing them are heavily subsidised by the Russian G the larger is the amount of

THE BAYONET, IS THE PROPER WEAPON FOR THE JAPS"

and the more cartoons they are able to sell, They are sold at prices ranging from about 2*d.* to 6*d.*, according to size, to small tradesmen, tavern-keepers, and others, who post them up in conspicuous places, where they will receive most attention from the general public

OUR SHORT STORY

"IS THERE ANY JUST CAUSE OR IMPEDIMENT?"

By P. B. PATTISSON

The harbour of Hong Kong was looking its loveliest on this mellow October afternoon as the big P. and O. steamer slowly glided from her moorings amidst the crowd of shipping that filled the harbour, from the smart British men-of-war and typical Chinese junk to the quaint native sampan which scudded along under its queer little sail, leaning over until it looked in danger of capsizing altogether.

There were not many passengers on board the *Parramatta*, for this was not a time of the year that many people travelled from the East homewards. But amidst the stir and bustle attendant on the departure of a big mail steamer, and the settling down of newly-joined passengers, two people—both passengers—formed a tranquil contrast.

They were a man and a woman, strangers to each other, but both were leaning over the rail, not many paces apart, engaged in the same occupation, that of contemplating the rapidly receding shore. The setting sun was gilding the Peak with a golden glory which extended to the whole of the long and rugged range of hills that comprise the Island of Hong Kong Presently, the last of the white buildings, so thickly dotting the sides and top of the Peak, disappeared. Then the plague hospital and surrounding cemetery, in its lonely isolation, slowly vanished round a projecting hill, then the last of the shipping, and the *Parramatta* was going swiftly through the deep, blue water, full speed ahead for Singapore.

Now and again a junk would creep past, sailing lazily under its quaint matting sail. The sky was gloriously blue, and flecked with fluffy white clouds here and there, the air mild and warm.

Major Walton, although his eyes rested on the gold-tipped hills they were so swiftly passing, saw them not at all. His thoughts were all inward, too much occupied with a bitter past to take much heed of the surroundings of the present. It was the old, old story his mind was dwelling on. That of a woman's frailty and a man's villainy, and although the events which had well-nigh wrecked his life had all happened more than a year ago now, they were brought but too freshly to his mind by this journey home. "Home! And what a home-coming!" he said to himself bitterly.

The story was one, perhaps, only too common. He and his wife, the latter beautiful, spoiled, vain, had been staying in the South of France, and had gone on to Monte Carlo for a week or two. Here they had met Sir Lionel Hippesley, a handsome, shallow young Englishman, who was doing his best, without success, to ruin himself at the tables, although the money he so freely squandered was not his, but his young wife's, and, as rumour averred, he had only married the pretty Scotch heiress for her fortune.

He was staying at Monte Carlo very much *en garçon*, his wife being ill at home and unable to travel. He and the Waltons became acquainted, and he appeared much struck by Mrs. Walton's beauty, while she was both pleased and flattered by his admiration and attentions, and her husband, glad that she should be amused, thought or suspected no wrong. Under Hippesley's guidance, Mrs. Walton became an ardent gambler, and a good many bank-notes fluttered away; but Walton was a rich man, and could afford to indulge her every whim.

However, the wretched woman was losing more than her money; for her heart—which had never been her husband's, his money being his greatest attraction in her eyes—was fast going away from her keeping into that of the good-looking, empty-headed young baronet.

Then had come the war in South Africa, and Walton's regiment was among the first ordered to the front, and he departed, leaving his wife more or less her own mistress and with the command of plenty of money.

During her husband's absence she again met Sir Lionel Hippesley, this time at home, and he, more than ever fired by her excessive beauty, persuaded her—a too willing victim—to run away with him to Paris. From there she wrote to her husband, and told him she had never really cared for him, and that now she only loved one man on earth, and that man was Sir Lionel Hippesley.

The blow almost stunned Walton in the first great shock, and although, during the horrors and dangers of that campaign, he had courted death often and often, when his friends and comrades were shot down at his side almost, he seemed to possess a charmed life. At last he was wounded and invalided home, when he speedily obtained his divorce. Hippesley's wife had already divorced her husband. Immediately after the trial Walton had started on a voyage to

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"They had spent a great deal of their time together during those long, hot days, and had paced the deck after dinner in the cool darkness of those tropical nights"

Japan, and was now, after a year spent in the East, once more returning to England. No wonder he pondered somewhat bitterly on his home-coming, with no home and no wife. His love for her was as completely dead as if it had never existed, while nothing but a vague pity for her remained. Hippesley and she were now married, and Walton often wondered if she would ever rue the day she ran away with him. He thought so, for Hippesley was weak as water, and utterly selfish.

The last, lingering sunray had disappeared, and a sudden coldness and greyness seemed to overspread everything. The wind was freshening up, too, and the *Parramatta* was beginning to rise and fall to a heavier sea.

With a short, impatient sigh Walton roused himself, and turned to go to the smoking-room. As he did so the lady near him turned to go below at the same moment, and they came face to face. Such a beautiful, pathetic face, out of which shone a pair of dark, bluish grey eyes. Walton, as for an instant his eyes met hers, felt a sudden thrill of interest, and he wondered who she was.

He very soon found out, for on board ship one speedily becomes aware of the identity—whether true or false—of one's fellow passengers. She was a Mrs. Grenville, a widow, and had been staying at Hong Kong with friends, and was now returning to England. She was chaperoned by an aunt, a placid, white-haired, elderly lady, with a plaintive voice, who became, in the intimacy of a long sea voyage, very confidential with Walton, for whose bronzed face and kindly grey eyes, she ha ' conceived a strong liking.

"I wish Violet would make up her mind to marry again," she said one day, when the *Parramatta* had left Singapore far behind, and they were steaming through the heat of the Indian Ocean, "but I fear she never will. She had a very unhappy married life, short as it was, and I am afraid she will never care to repeat the experiment."

Walton murmured something inaudible. The idea somehow of Mrs. Grenville marrying anyone became very distasteful to him, unless—and his heart suddenly beat faster, and his cheek flushed as he all at once realised that Violet Grenville had become very dear to him.

They had spent a great deal of their time together during those long, hot days, and had paced the deck after dinner in the cool darkness of those tropical nights, and she had attracted him more than any other woman he had ever met, for his wife had never attracted him, or appealed to the intellectual side of his nature as Mrs. Grenville did; and alas! he knew now that the feeling he had had for his wife was but a purely physical passion born of her beauty. She could never have held his mind—she was too shallow, too vain.

After that conversation with Lady Grahame, Walton's eyes were opened to the true state of his feelings for Mrs. Grenville, but as yet he gave her no hint. First he must tell her his story, yet he shrank from the idea of laying bare the shameful past before that pure soul.

The days glided swiftly away, swift even in their monotony. Aden, that barren-looking spot, with its cluster of red-roofed dwellings, lying low on the shore —all that can be seen from the steamer as it lies at anchor—had been passed, the *Parramatta* had steamed through the Red Sea, and was rapidly nearing Suez.

It was a couple of evenings later, Suez was left behind, and the *Parramatta* had entered the Canal. Several passengers had remained on deck to view the entrance, though to a good many the sight was no novelty. Amongst the former were Walton and Mrs. Grenville. The big searchlight affixed to the steamer's bows threw a brilliant glare ahead, and lighted up the dim, sandy banks of the desert, past which they glided.

Walton and his companion leaned side by side over the rail, and talked in a fragmentary manner, but there was an intonation in his voice, a tenderness in his grey eyes that made her heart beat, and stirred her pulses strangely. One little hand lay near his, and suddenly his closed on it, and he raised it to his lips and kissed it passionately.

"My darling," he whispered. "Violet, I love you Will you be my wife? Speak to me, darling; tell me I have not hoped in vain."

For a moment, as he put his arm round her and drew her to him, she yielded to his embrace. Then she hurriedly drew herself away.

"Wait until to-morrow." she murmured. "I—I will tell you then, if you still care to hear."

"Care to hear," he cried, passionately. "Child, don't you guess how much I love you?"

But with a sad little smile she flitted from his side, and was lost in the shadows of the deck.

The next day the *Parramatta* was still in the Canal, gliding along its sinuous windings All through that long, hot day—or the earlier portions of it—it almost seemed as if Mrs. Grenville wanted to avoid Major Walton. She remained in her cabin under the plea of a headache, and it was now nearly five o'clock. To Walton—in his lover's impatience—that day had seemed endless, with its usual Canal incidents of little Arab boys running along the banks beside the slowly-moving steamer, shouting for backsheesh; or the occasional appearance on the banks of a solitary Arab and his camel; or a whole herd of camels gathered together, crouching in the sand, giving an old-world, biblical aspect to the scenery.

But, punctually at five o'clock, Mrs. Grenville appeared on deck, looking very lovely in her white dress, though her face was pale, and heavy shadows rested under the grey-blue eyes. Walton, to whom her coming was as a glimpse of paradise, hurried forward to meet her, and he carried her deck-chair to a secluded corner, shaded from the glare of the afternoon sun, which was now creeping to its rest. They were more or less quite alone, for most of the passengers were below enjoying siestas, and Walton drew a chair near to his companion's.

"Well, Violet, which is it to be?" he whispered. "You don't know what tortures of impatience and uncertainty I have suffered since last night. Is it to be—yes?" and he tried to read his answer in her averted eyes.

She was deadly pale, and her slender hands trembled as they lay in her lap.

"Wait," she murmured faintly. "I—I have something to tell you before I give you my answer,

something that you ought to know. If after—you still care, I—will—say yes."

"My darling," he cried. "Violet, only say you love me a little and I don't care for anything else"

A little flush and a faint smile brightened her face.

"Yes, I—I do care for you," she whispered. "More than I thought I could ever care for anyone. I feel I can trust you, lean on you, *respect* you; and you do not know what all that means to a woman who has suffered as I have, and has had every illusion stripped from her. Listen, and I will tell you my story. To begin with: I am not a widow as you thought, and my name is not Grenville. It was my mother's name, and I took it when I dropped my own, after—after I was divorced. I divorced my husband nearly two years ago now. We had only been married a short time, and I was ill, when he went abroad and met there a married woman who I suppose attracted him. But to cut the story short he—he finally ran away with her to Paris, after her husband had been ordered out to South Africa. She was a Mrs. Walton, oddly enough a namesake of your's."

Walton had turned livid. "Good God," he cried hoarsely. "My *wife!*"

"Your wife!" echoed his companion. "Then—then you——" and she sank back in her chair pale and trembling.

"Yes," he answered thickly. "My wife. I was the husband of that wretched woman."

"Then it was not a mere coincidence, as I thought it was, your name being the same? I never dreamed of this," she murmured brokenly.

Walton rose and leant over the rail, turning his feverish brow to the desert, where a little breeze was blowing from the mountains. His mind was in a whirl, only one thought being uppermost!

"Then you are really—" he began.

"Lady Hippesley," she replied bitterly.

There followed a long silence, only broken by the slow pulsing of the engines and the ripple and eddy of the water caused by the steamer's wash. Two pairs of blank, unseeing eyes gazed out over the wide desert; and the sun went down in a sea of blood behind the distant line of hills, while in the pale, cold East hovered the faint crescent of the new moon.

At length the man roused himself, and fixing his eyes yearningly on the pale face before him, he said abruptly:

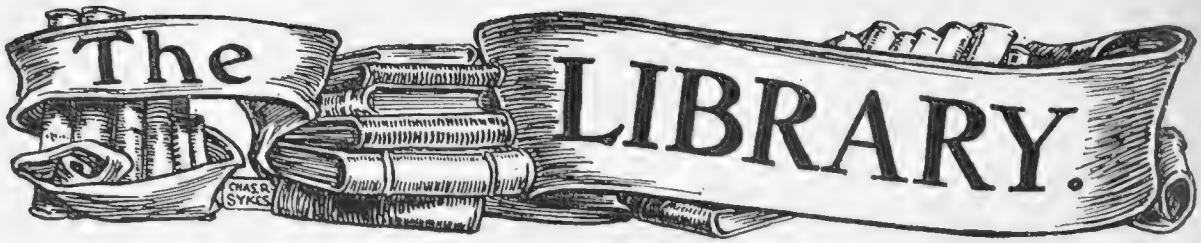
"Well, darling, and why not? Is there any just cause or impediment? Why not?"

"Why not!" she whispered dreamily, letting her hand fall in his.

P. B. Pattisson.

The Launch of the new Transatlantic Liner, "Caledonia"

The twin-screw steamer, *Caledonia*, which has just been launched, was built by Messrs. D. and W. Henderson, Glasgow. She is intended for the Glasgow and New York service of the Anchor Line. The vessel is the largest yet built for the Clyde Transatlantic route. Her tonnage is 16,000. She will carry 800 steerage passengers, 400 second, and 300 first-class passengers



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Richard Hurrell Froude." By L. J. Guiney. Ready November 10. Hurrell Froude—the eldest brother of James Anthony Froude—was famous in the earliest days of the Oxford Movement. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Bryan King." By W. Crouch. Ready November 10. Bryan King was rector of St. George's-in-the-East at the time of the great Ritualist riots which took place in that church in the early fifties. (Methuen: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Uganda's Katikiro in England: Being the Official Account of his Visit to the Coronation of King Edward VII." By his Secretary, Ham Mukasa. Translated by the Rev. Ernest Millar, who accompanied the Katikiro (Prime Minister) on his travels. (Hutchinson: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Adam Smith." By F. W. Hirst. (Macmillan's "Men of Letters" Series: 2*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Prodigal Son." By Hall Caine. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"Atoms of Empire." By Cutcliffe Hyne. Short stories. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"Little Blue Pigeon." By A. G. Hales. A novel of Japanese Life. (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)

"The Lady Electra." By Robert Barr. Short Stories. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Storm of London." By F. Dickberry. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"On Etna." By Norma Lorimer. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

OUR WEEKLY BOOK-LETTER

From JASPER SPEKE, *Barrister-at-Law, to* SIR JOHN HEAVITREE, *Bart., Lestead Hall, Norfolk*

Fleet Street, November 7, 1904.

MY DEAR SQUIRE—

The Prodigal Son, by Hall Caine (Heinemann), will come as something of a pleasant surprise to those who admired this author's early tales of northern lands, with their penetrating sense of environment, and their appeal to elemental passions, but have found it impossible to swallow the turgid commonplaces of his later books. The scene of this novel is laid in Iceland, and the early chapters make delightful reading. The style is direct and restrained, the dialogue terse and full of racy humour, the characters intensely human. Remembering *The Deemster* and *The Bondman*, one recognises that Mr. Hall Caine has come back to his early and better manner, with added power in certain respects. His grip of a situation is certainly stronger, and the brilliant but wholly natural dialogue which he records between some of his native characters is beyond all praise. But when the book has been finished and laid down, the conviction is forced upon one that these advances are out-balanced by retrogressions still more strongly marked. Like some of his characters in this very book, Mr. Caine has travelled to the great cities, and come back to a more primitive world with his fine sense of its passions and motives, blunted. The necessities of a moving story take the place of the necessities of human impulse as the groundwork of action, and this is nothing more than to say that a would-be tragedy is turned into a melodrama. The story, as a whole, leaves one unmoved, as all melodrama does, the moment it is perceived to be melodrama. But let me hasten to say that at least half of *The Prodigal Son* can be read before the reek of the footlights and the noise of stage machinery obtrudes itself, and that the really admirable gifts which Mr. Caine displays, when he chooses to exercise them, spread themselves over and lighten the whole. The book, with all its faults, is immeasurably superior to anything the author has written of late years, and in some respects superior to anything he has ever written, and the insight it affords into the every-day life of an almost unknown country is extraordinary in its vividness.

Collections of short stories are not as popular as they used to be. They must be very good to be able to dispense with the continuity of interest which is one of the advantages of even a second-rate novel. I think, however, that *The Lady Electra*, by Robert Barr (Methuen), fulfils the conditions. Each of these thirteen stories contains a good idea, and finishes with something of a surprise, and you may read all or any one of them with pleasure.

Teresa of Watling Street, by Arnold Bennett (Chatto and Windus), is an exciting story of mystery and intrigue, something of a surprise from this clever author, whose work has lain in other directions, but an excellent tale of its kind.

The Ring from Jaipur, by Frances M. Peard, is a striking novel, which, if it has the success it deserves, will be widely read. It is a story on the theme of "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," curiously marred by the introduction of the magic ring from which it gains its title, for its development is entirely natural. The story is very well written, and its interest is maintained throughout.

On Etna, by Norma Lorimer (Heinemann), is described as a Romance of Brigand Life, and deals with the kidnapping of a beautiful, high-spirited English girl by the Mafia. It deserves to be read

for its intimate description of Sicilian life and scenery, and the story it contains is well told, too, though its sentiment is a trifle over-ripe.

The Storm of London, by F. Dickberry (John Long), is a clever variation of the theme of "Sartor Resartus." An unclothed London is a sufficiently startling idea, but one which is carried out here without unpleasantness and with a moral purpose which shines above the frivolity of the author's manner.

Old Times and New, by Canon Tetley (Fisher Unwin), is a volume of rather loosely strung reminiscences which deal with many interesting persons and events, and is full of good stories, some old but mostly new. This is a new and revised edition.

Mr. F. W. Hirst's *Adam Smith*, in Messrs. Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" Series, is a careful piece of work, and opportune at the present moment when so much of what was taught in "The Wealth of Nations," and seemed to have come to be accepted as axiomatic, is now, after a hundred years, passing once more through the fire of criticism. Mr. Hirst has kept as far as possible from modern controversy, and his book is all the more valuable on that account.

That engaging novel, *Park Lane*, by Percy White, has been re issued in a cheaper form by the publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co. I am glad to have had the opportunity of re-reading it, and have not found its wit and brightness dimmed by repetition. It is pleasant, also, to welcome another old friend, James Payn's *The Cliffards of Clyffe* (Chatto and Windus), which is one of the best of that once highly popular novelist's works. I hope that this is only the first of many of them to be re-published, for James Payn ought not to be allowed to sink into oblivion.

Believe me, my dear Squire,
Ever yours sincerely,
JASPER SPEKE.

Books to Appear Shortly

Aubrey Beardsley appears to be taking his place among the minor geniuses of his own generation. An exhibition of a representative collection of his drawings was opened in Ryder Street the other day, and now *The Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley* are announced by Messrs. Longmans. Beardsley went over to the Church of Rome not long before his death, and the letters will probably be found to have a close connection with his religious attitude, for they have been edited by the Rev. John Gray, of St. Patrick's, Edinburgh.

Burma has been sung and written about by innumerable scribes since King Theebaw made his hurried descent from the throne, but much of it still remains in the enchanted region of travellers' tales. Early next month, however, it is to yield up many of its secrets in a monumental work by Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor, the present Comptroller of Assam, who has heard "the temple bells a-calling" in almost every nook and corner of the country, having spent a considerable number of years of constant travel there while collecting materials for his book. Burma, like everywhere else, is in danger of losing some of its individuality.

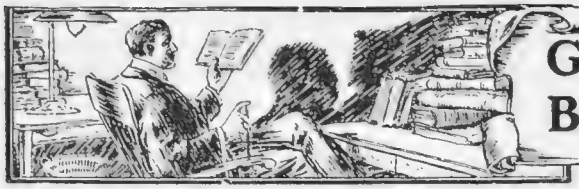
> The sea has opened the flood-gates of invasion (writes Mr. O'Connor), and under the political supremacy of England the economic competition of inferior and cheaper races from India, of the superior Chinese now crowding up the Straits, the Burmese personality runs in some peril of extinction. There is no longer a court to form the heart of any national feeling; there is no longer, it would seem, any motive in keeping the race supreme in its own country; and there is lacking in the people that sternness which might alone, in the absence of such sustaining influences, help to maintain their idiosyncrasy intact.

It was time, therefore, that his book was written. *The Silken East*, as it is called, will be published in two elaborately illustrated volumes by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Famous Fighters of the Fleet, by Mr. Edward Fraser, which Messrs. Macmillan will shortly publish, describes itself best by its own sub-title, "Glimpses through the battle smoke in the days of the old Navy." It includes the story of what Lord Charles Beresford's little *Condor* really did to win the famous signal—"Well done, *Condor!*"—told, to a large extent, from the personal narrative of a guest on board at the time. The remaining chapters take one back to the earlier days of the Royal Navy, beginning with the great event of the year in which Nelson was born—the midnight duel of the *Monmouth* and *Foudroyant*. Most of the stories are told from eye-witnesses' narratives as recorded in letters, diaries, etc., both from the British side and that of the enemy. Many contemporary illustrations are also reproduced.

Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld, the Norwegian explorer, has written his account of his recent experiences among the ice regions of the South, and Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will publish it shortly in an illustrated volume entitled, *The Antarctic*. Nordenskjöld, it will be remembered, spent two years in his unsuccessful attempt to discover the South Pole, and when relieved by the Argentine corvette *Uruguay*, which had been sent specially to his assistance, was found with his men at a point called "Snow Hill," utterly destitute of provisions and clothing, his ship having been lost during the winter. The relief expedition arrived only just in time to save the explorers.

The Hon. Alex. Wilmot, a member of the Legislative Council, Cape Colony, who has been over on a visit to this country, has written a book on *The Life and Times of Sir Richard Southey*, who was intimately identified with the wars, native policy, and civil administration of South Africa during the larger part of the nineteenth century. Sir Richard Southey was Prime Minister there before responsible government was established, and Lieutenant-Governor of Griqualand West – the Diamond Fields, the eventful history of which will now be given in full. Messrs. Sampson Low will publish the book.



Gossip About Books and Their Makers

The East in Fiction

Everywhere in literary circles last year one heard people talking of "Said, the Fisherman," until one was forced to buy a copy and to see that it was good. So up-to-date a critic as Mr. T. P. O'Connor came across the novel only this summer, and, if any of my readers are still without knowledge of it, let me counsel them to procure the book forthwith, as there is no new novel—and never have I seen so immense a flood of good fiction as that under which the critics are at present submerged—better than this. Mr. Mason, in "The Four Feathers," gave us a deft and memorable study of the influence of the East on man, as M. Pierre Loti had done before him, but with much more subtle art, in "Le Désert"; and this season we have had a greater work than Mr. Mason's, almost as great a one as Loti's, in "The Garden of Allah," by Mr. R. S. Hichens. But "Said" is distinct from all: you feel in the heart of you, when reading it, that here is the real right thing, that here is a writer who has contrived to make plain the hidden things of Eastern character.

Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall

Whose best work. "Said, the Fisherman," gives a splendidly realistic impression of things Oriental

Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall

We can scarcely blame those who imagined that the new writer bearing this name was adding one more to the list of pseudonyms used by our novelists. It looks like a name out of Dickens, but it is as real as that of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who also was at first mistaken for a literary masquerader. Mr. Pickthall has leapt so quickly to the front that you will find no mention of him in this year's *Who's Who*. But "Said, the Fisherman" was not his first book, though I have seen it frequently so described. His initial effort was entitled, "All Fools." Some trouble on my part to come by this book has proved vain, and I have since heard that it was not entirely to its author's mind, so he bought up the entire edition after only a few copies had been sold: a heroic way of disposing of a work which you feel does not show you at your best; and evidence, to boot, that Mr. Pickthall does not write for pelf. Indeed, he is a novelist by chance rather than design. Diplomacy was the profession his family wished him to follow, but a commendable inability to master the stupidities of mathematics proved a bar to his entering the diplomatic service, so he betook himself to Syria, and for three years lived in the neighbourhood of Damascus, hoping to gain personal experience of Eastern affairs which would counterbalance his deficiency in mathematics. Still, he had no success. The fact that he proved to be a phenomenal linguist, capable of acquiring almost any language and speaking it like a native in the course of two or three months, being of no importance to the powers that be, since he still boggled at algebra and geometry. Then he took to writing, and if he will give us a few more works as good as "Said," we shall all be glad that he failed at mathematics. His later novel, "Enid," published last summer, was a disappointment, however. It was too ambitious and too complex. He is again in the East, I believe, and if he will avoid "the literary life" and the profession of letters, he will yet do great and memorable things. The really big things in literature are generally done by men who are entirely out of touch with what we call the literary world.

The Doric

"There is an idea abroad," says Mr. S. R. Crockett, in a very entertaining book just published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, "that in order to write Scottish dialect, it is enough to write *dae* for do—which last, I beg leave to add, is the very hall-mark of the bungler." On the same day that I read this new book of Mr. Crockett's ("Raiderland: All about Grey Galloway") I also read another Scots book issued by the same publishers, wherein this "hall-mark of the bungler" stares at you from every page. Yet I am unwilling to permit Mr. J. J. Bell's delightful story of "Jess and Co." to be regarded, even by implication, as the work of a bungler. In one of his ditties Mr. Kipling sings:

> There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
> And—every—single—one—of—them—is—right.

So in writing Scots dialect! Mr. Sankey, the evangelist, used to sing a Scots hymn, and in different parts of Scotland he would be told that he mispronounced one of the words, but never twice was the pronunciation given to him the same, and each adviser disposed of his predecessor by saying that "they didna' ken hoo to speak Scotch in his pairt o' the country." In my opinion, Mr. Crockett is incomparably the most racy of the soil among the so-called "kail-yaird" school, and his strictures on

those who use *dae* for do, *tae* for to, and so forth, are not to be gainsaid. You won't find these vulgarisms in Burns, nor in the classic "Noctes," but there is no manner of doubt that an immense number of Scottish people are daily *dae*-ing and *tae*-ing for all they are worth! I notice that a London weekly is advertising a story by Mr. J. J. Bell as "Lowland" in the matter of dialect. Now this is simply Cockney ignorance. The author of "Wee MacGreegor" writes the *Glasgow dialect* with perfect accuracy—that, and no more. To thousands of "Lowlanders" many of his words are matter for guessing. I anticipate a very considerable success for his new novel, "Jess and Co.," which is, happily, free from many of the localisms that stud his other books like raisins in a Christmas pudding. It is full of genuine humour, and flavoured with the salt of character.

Mr. S. R. Crockett

What a nimble worker is Mr. Crockett! My readers who have borne me company since the first issue of THE BYSTANDER may remember that I began my "Gossip" with some notes on a book of his that had just appeared, "The Adventurer in Spain." It is still two weeks short of a year, and in that time I have read and reviewed two novels, a volume of children's tales retold from Scott, and "Raiderland," all from the same pen. One of these books, "The Loves of Miss Anne," is the best thing Mr. Crockett has done since "The Lilac Sunbonnet." Only a man who is fearless of criticism could be so prodigious a worker in this finnicking age. "Raiderland" is a further evidence of the lack of self-consciousness in this accomplished writer; for out of love for his native Galloway, he writes of it and of his own stories, inspired by its history and its folk, with an engaging frankness which betrays no fear of what his critics will say. Mr. Crockett gets through his work by rising, literally, "with the lark." He has done a good day's writing before we Londoners have had our shaving water sent up in the morning. "Raiderland" was almost finished four years ago, I believe, and has been delayed until Mr. Joseph Pennell could find time to go down with his pencil and sketch the scenes described by the author. It is the most beautifully produced six-shilling book I remember to have seen.

Mr. Charles Marriott

To discover in the subsequent work of a novelist who has suffered (I use the word deliberately) a "boom," qualities which justify the most sanguine anticipations formed at the time of his *début*, is as pleasant as it is a rare experience. But such is the case with Mr. Charles Marriott, whose latest work, "Genevra," is one of the strongest and most individual creations of the present season. It is scarcely four years since Mr. Marriott came into notice with "The Column," which was launched by its publisher with a mighty sounding of the loud timbrel, and a generosity of advertisement seldom accorded to an unknown author. At that time Mr. Marriott was dispenser and photographer at Rainhill Asylum, near Liverpool, and "The Column" had been the work of his evenings. He was born at Bristol in 1869, and had originally intended to "follow the sea," the discovery that he was short-sighted being made in time to prevent his setting out on his first voyage. Having some taste for drawing, he next turned to the study of art at South Kensington, and later became a photographer, but ill-health interfered with all work for the best part of two years, and a residence of six months in Cornwall made him "the slave of the place ever since." It was after he removed to Rainhill that he took to writing, and almost the first of his short stories was published in the *National Observer* in 1894, but it was the acceptance of a story by the *New Review*, in 1897, that set him thinking of a novel, and most of his leisure for the next three years went to the writing of "The Column." Then came success, and good-bye to his bottles at Rainhill, and heigh for the Cornwall that he loves! Mr. Marriott now resides at the old-world town of St. Ives, from which I suspect that he has never been dazzled by the glamour of London, and that will be all the better for his future work, which is certain to be of increasing value to literature if we may gauge our estimate by the distinct advance he has made between his first book in 1901 and his latest this autumn.

Mr. Charles Marriott

Whose recently-published novel, "Genevra," is one of the best books of the season

"Unexpurgated"

I have had occasion to refer to the increase of unclean literature as a disquieting sign of the times. I remember a well-known West-End bookseller telling me that it was a common thing for ladies to come in and ask him for "something to make the hair curl," and I believe he found "The History of Sir Richard Calmady" to fill the bill at that time. One of our most prosperous publishers seems to be specialising just now in wares of this class. I notice two entries in the catalogue of a second-hand dealer which are very suggestive: "'The Soil,' by Zola, Unexpurgated, 11*s*. The same, Expurgated, 1*s*. 6*d*." Comment is needless.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

A New Haskell Ball

A few days ago there was shown to me a golf ball which, in all outward appearance, seemed to be an ordinary Haskell ball. Looking carefully at the ball, I discovered a distinctive mark within the ring on which the name of the ball is printed, and on bouncing it against an ordinary Haskell ball, I found there was a vast difference in sound. The new ball sounded more like a Kempshall than a Haskell ball. The present Haskell ball has a lively click when bounced or when hit by a club. This cannot always have been so, for on looking back at some notes which I wrote in April, 1902, I find that I stated that the new ball, *i.e.*, the Haskell ball, then an entire novelty on this side, had "a sound, when hit, similar to the old Eclipse ball, a rather dead and disconcerting sound." This could certainly not be said of the Haskell ball of these days, and I take it, therefore, that the Company are going to revert to an older model in this new ball. I fancy that in this new ball they are endeavouring to produce an article which shall have all the qualities that have made the Haskell ball such a pre-eminent favourite, and shall possess the extra recommendation of increased durability. I have not been able to try one of these new balls, and have only handled it and bounced it. How it will behave when hit, I am unable, therefore, to say; but, as it has the same core as the older ball, one may safely assume that the only difference will lie in the sound when hit. Whether golfers will reconcile themselves to the dead sound remains to be seen, but if, as the Company claims, according to my informant, this new ball will stand ill-treatment by iron or wooden club better than the old ball, it will undoubtedly appeal to a large body of golfers. Far be it from me to suggest, dear reader, that such a ball will prove welcome to you.

The Very Thing for Jones

You, I have no doubt, are above such gross errors as hacking the fair surface of your Haskell with brassy or iron, but you will at once recognise what an excellent ball the new one will be for your friends Smith or Jones, and how much money they will save by using a ball impervious to their inaccurate strokes. The ball is not yet on the market, but I understand that it will be launched before long, and so I have thought it my duty to warn my readers to be on the look out for this latest form of the famous Haskell ball. In spite of all the attempts of other ball-makers, the Haskell ball has retained its absolute supremacy. I suppose there was hardly any other ball used by the leading players during the two championships this year. Yet one has only to look through the advertisement pages of any of the golfing papers to see a score or more of other balls whose virtues are warranted by their makers to be unrivalled. Still, somehow, one does not find any of these balls used in place of Haskells when a big match or tournament is being played. If this fact only applied to amateurs, I should not consider it so remarkable, as the amateur is often led by fashion or the example of some great player, but you would not find the professionals making any such fashionable error. Depend upon it, therefore, that the almost universal use by the professional means that the Haskell ball is the best at this moment.

The Hon. Osmund Scott

Among the rising players of the younger generation none holds a more promising position than Mr. Osmund Scott. He belongs to a family that is, if I may be allowed the expression, saturated with golf. His father, the Earl of Eldon, is a devoted lover of the game, and he has spared no pains to instil into his children an equally ardent love of his favourite pastime. He has an excellent private course in his own park, and, besides that, has given his family every opportunity of acquiring proficiency at Westward Ho! and the leading courses of the North. The result of this excellent policy has been admirable, not only in the case of the subject of my notice, but also in that of his brother, the Hon. D. Scott, and of his sister, who before her marriage, as Lady Margaret Scott, was famed far and wide in the ranks of lady players, as the winner of the first three, ladies' championships.

A Brilliant Player

Mr. Osmund Scott, is a player of the most brilliant abilities, whose early promise is now blossoming out into rich flower. At Hoylake, in 1902, he was selected to play on the English side in the first international match, and the experience gained in this encounter, and in the subsequent amateur championship of that year at the same place, and of the next year at Muirfield, has, no doubt, been of the utmost value to him. He was, unfortunately, unable to take part in the event this year at Sandwich, so that we were prevented from seeing what progress his game had made, and how he would fare in the ding-dong battles by which that tournament invariably tests the ability of a player to stand a severe and prolonged strain. But his admirers have not had long to wait for some first fruits of his rapidly maturing powers. At the autumn meeting at St. Andrew's he played for the medal in partnership with Mr. Norman Hunter, the winner, and had it not been for an unfortunate clerical error in his score, Mr. Scott would have returned a 75, a score which would have made him tie with Mr. Barry, the winner of the second medal.

Ernest Lehmann

THE ACORN HARVEST AT CHINGFORD, EPPING FOREST

Acorns are very plentiful this year, and the harvesting of them is now in full swing. The acorns are collected and sold at 6*d.* a bushel, being chiefly bought up for feeding pigs

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can advertise their requirements in these pages. All applications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.

Manners Maketh Motoring

The number of motors is constantly increasing, and several accidents which have occurred of late, point to the fact that some of the recent recruits are not as careful as they might be. May I remind the newcomers that automobilism is still on its trial. Let them remember that it depends very much on public opinion whether, at the end of 1906, the harsh clauses of the 1903 Act are modified or made harsher still. Professor Hubert von Herkomer has been writing on this subject, and he particularly impresses upon all motorists the great necessity of showing courtesy to drivers of horse-drawn vehicles, and the man on the car, he urges, would often act wisely in not insisting on his strict road rights. Let me quote his concluding words:

> Do not let us make ourselves the autocrats of the road. A small sacrifice, at the right moment, and it will not be long till the responsibility on the highways and roads is properly divided. And then all will be well with our beloved automobile, which is destined to be a benefactor to humanity.

Motor Mail Carts

In last week's issue I gave a few particulars of a new Italian Diligence Service, employing six hundred cars, which commences next January. The French postal authorities are proceeding on somewhat similar lines, and the accompanying illustration shows five of their new electric mail vans drawn up outside the charging station. The few experiments made by our Post Office in motor traction were not, I am afraid, over satisfactory. The last eighteen months have, however, seen great improvements in petrol and steam wagons, and I hope that, before long, the bulk of His Majesty's mail bags will travel by motor.

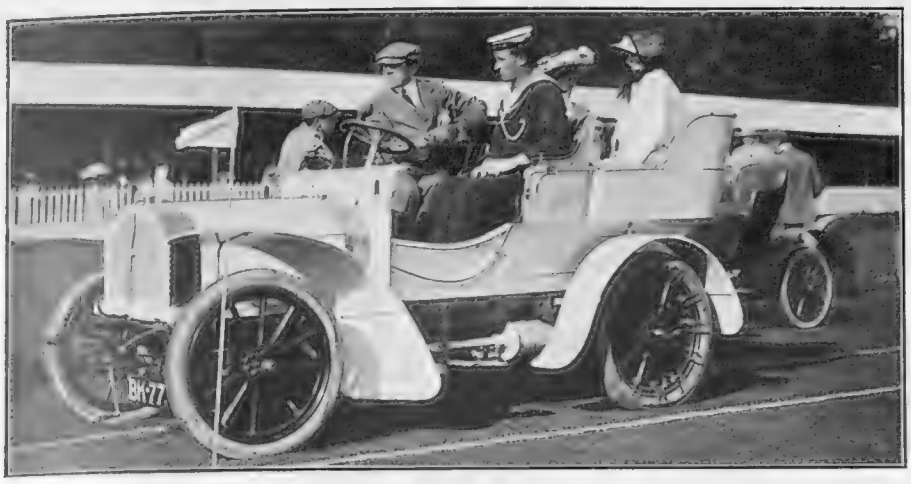
Fit Speed Indicators

A recent case at the West London Police Court is interesting from the fact that the defendant, Mr. Leonard Boyne, escaped conviction on account of his car being fitted with a speed indicator. The police

Photo by *Branger*

The French Motor-Climbing Tests up Gaillon Hill

In this important contest, Rigolly, last year's winner, who rode a Gabron-Brillié, and Baras, on a Darracq, tied for first place, traversing the course in exactly twenty-nine minutes. Their speed was about seventy-seven miles an hour. Edge, on a Napier car, was third, twenty-five seconds later



Motors in H.M. Navy

Captain Blackett, R.N. (at the Admiralty), with his coxswain as his chauffeur. In the rear of the car is Miss Fisher, daughter of Admiral Sir John Fisher, Senior Sea Lord at the Admiralty

declared that the motor, according to their stop-watches, attained a speed of twenty-eight miles per hour. The indicator on the car, however, only registered fifteen miles per hour. Mr. Plowden, the magistrate, commented on the difficulty of arriving at a fair decision in speed cases, and went on to observe that he thought the indicator was just as likely to be right as the stop-watch. Quite lately, too, Mr. Plowden had occasion to rebuke an over-zealous officer, who, for no real reason, had demanded the production of a motorist's license, and upon the motorist's failure to produce it had summoned the driver of the car. Would that other magistrates and justices of the peace would take a leaf from Mr. Plowden's book, and exercise more common sense.

Steam Cars

The owners and manufacturers of steam cars were nettled at the eleventh-hour refusal of the Blackpool Committee to allow any steam cars to compete. From the results of the recent Chateau Thierry hill-climbing contest, it looks as if the main reason for their exclusion was their speed. This competition, annually organised by the *Auto*, was held this year over a mile course on the Chesneaux Hill, and the triumph of the Gardner-Serpollett steam cars, which carried off the first prize in each of the four classes in which they competed, was the feature of the contest.

Accidental Clothing

The granting of free accident policies is spreading, and I hear that a certain firm of shirtmakers present a free policy for £250 to every purchaser of their famous 4*s.* 6*d.* shirts. Motorists cannot be too well insured, and I recommend this to their notice. No doubt the principle will spread, and we shall soon see advertisements, such as "Wear Parker's Pants, which carry with them our free side-slip policy for £100"; "Don't scorch unless clothed in Macdougall's mackintoshes—we give your widow £500"; or, "When motoring use Messrs. Googles' goggles—we pay half

Types of the new electric mail vans just acquired by the French postal authorities

Both in Italy and France the motor is now engaged in doing Government work, and with the recent improvements in petrol and steam wagons it is expected that our own Post Office will make a much more extensive use of horseless traction

your police fines." Other applications suggest themselves, why not tyres? "Every owner whose car is shod with Michelin's tyres and tubes is granted a free £200 policy; anyone run over by a Dunlop-tyred wheel receives a £10 note." Picture the annoyance of the man who was run over by a car whose tyres did not carry such advantages.

Matchless Matches

Messrs. Bryant and May have sent me some boxes of giant motor matches—they look like wooden fusees which have been brought up on Mr. H. G. Wells' "Food for the Gods." The firm guarantee these matches to light the lamps on the wettest, windiest night. If only someone would give me a satisfactory back lamp (manufacturers please note), then, like Mr. Walter Passmore, I'd be satisfied with life (or, anyhow, motoring).

Persecution

A recent sufferer in the Buckden trap has come forward with a promising suggestion. Why not form a society for collecting and disseminating information with regard to traps? The society would have a head office in town and correspondents in the country. Rewards would be offered by advertisement for reliable and exact information, and cyclists would be duly posted to warn motorists approaching the trap. With proper organisation, I believe the idea is quite a sound one, and I invite correspondence on the subject. When a constable (S. H. Pearce) boasts in court that this

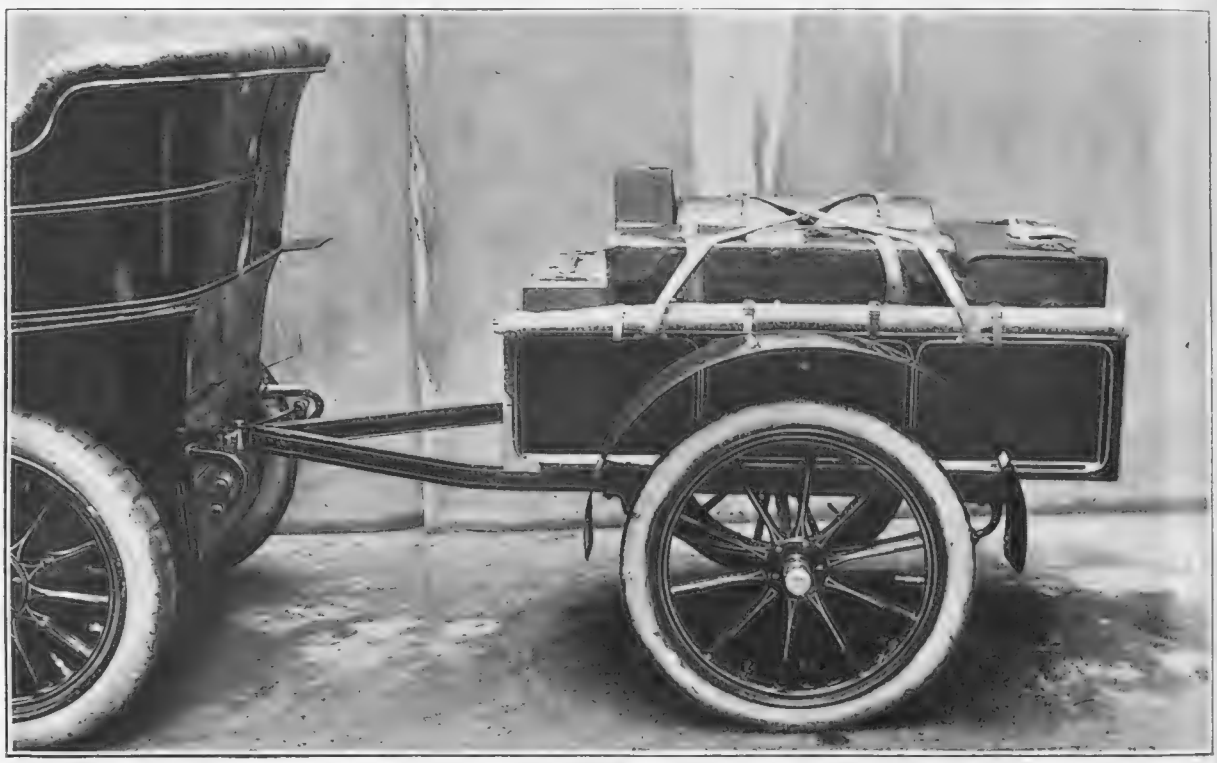


Photo by **A new Convenience for Country House Motorists: The Napier Luggage Trailer** *[Clarke and Hyde*

Many motorists who live in the country have been troubled as to the best way of taking their luggage to and from the station. Complaints are often made that a motor-car is almost useless for this purpose, as when the car is carrying people, either a cart has to be sent for the baggage, or else the car has to make an extra trip and carry it in the tonneau, which usually results in the upholstery being torn and scratched. The Napier Trailer, which can be attached to any make of car, seems an admirable way out of the difficulty

Kingly Kingston

A week ago, at Kingston, Lord Rosebery, High Steward of the Borough, opened the municipal museum, recently completed at a cost of £6,000 (motorists' fines?). The inevitable speech accompanied the ceremony, and Lord Rosebery called the attention of his audience to the fact that their ancient city had witnessed the coronation of numerous Saxon Kings, and that their town was a most interesting relic of an earlier civilisation. What would their Saxon forefathers say, he continued, if they could return and view the latest developments of civilisation, the motor-car and the bicycle? Perhaps the only thing they could find congenial to their souls would be the museum. Let those who pollute with petrol the historic air of Kingston call to mind that the town and its bench are interesting relics of an earlier civilisation; travel reverently, go slowly, and remember that their curious old stop-watches are not always kept in the museum.

Huntingdonshire trap has caught over one hundred motorists this season, it is really time for action. These hundred cases, at a rough estimate, have cost car-owners £750, and probably hardly one of them was a motor driven in a really improper manner over this open stretch of road. As the S.P.P.T. (Society for the Prevention of Police Traps) is not yet in existence, consult, before taking even a Sabbath Day's journey, my previous lists, remembering to

RETARD THE SPARK

Approaching Buckden.
Through Kingly Kingston.
Over the new Processional Road, St. James's Park (10-mile limit).
Through Cobham and Ripley.

Alfred C. Hunter

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

Opening Fixtures

To the hunting man, whose interest is fairly catholic, few documents are more exciting than the first list of fixtures in each recurring season. The contents of this year's list was, perhaps, owing to November 1 falling somewhat awkwardly on a Tuesday, or maybe through other obstacles to a prompt commencement of regular proceedings, somewhat attenuated. Still, though it lacked the Quorn at Kirby Gate, most of the recognised fixtures were included in the bill of fare. The Belvoir seldom begin the season with much pomp and circumstance, and Honington Station, their first advertised meet, scarcely reads like a *fête* day. The Warwickshire, at Compton Verney, were sure to begin in some style, while the Meynell, at Sudbury, and Lord Portman's, at Bryanston, alike suggest an inauguration in full state. The Brocklesby, at Welbeck Hill, had no sustained historical interest to their credit, as in old days Laceby Cross Roads was the usual appointment for the first day, though it was later superseded by a lawn meet at Brocklesby Hall.

Famous Meets

Among the most celebrated of the "historical" fixtures stands Tubney Tree, the recognised rendezvous of the Old Berkshire for the first Wednesday in November, and it was again duly observed this year. The H.H. invariably meet at Bramdean Common on the first Tuesday, as do the V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's) at Bibury Court. Mr. Brassey was not deterred from holding his customary reception at Heythrop by old-fashioned prejudices against beginning before November 1, and October's last day also saw Mr. Barclay entertaining the Puckeridge Hunt at Brent Pelham Hall. The Duke of Beaufort began simply enough at Brinkworth Station, while both the Badsworth and the Craven opened the season at the Kennels. The North Warwickshire, in accordance with well-established precedence, were at Stoneleigh Deer Park on November 1; while the Hurworth at Fighting Cocks, the South and West Wilts at Semley Station, and the Eggesford at Chulmleigh Beacon, are other instances of packs choosing fixtures that have both historical interest and much recent sport to recommend them.

Absentees

As already stated, the names of many packs were absent from the first list of fixtures, and will presumably have been engaged in cub-hunting operations well into November. In Yorkshire, Lord Middleton's and the York and Ainsty were precluded from announcing their fixtures through fear of hard going, and the same reason was doubtless responsible for the omission of the Burton and Blankney. The Worcestershire and Oakley were also missing, as were Mr. Fernie's Hounds. The Southdown meets were advertised as "for cub-hunting," while the Hertfordshire, with whom No Man's Land used to be a recognised fixture for the opening of the season, and the Mid-Devon were sought in vain. In the majority of cases, of course, the weather is alone to blame; still, in several countries, where game-preserving is carried to great lengths, it is becoming more difficult year by year to hunt regularly and continuously through November. Thus, Masters find it more convenient

Photo by *Breach*

Opening Meet of the Eastbourne Foxhounds at Beachy Head, October 29: Brooker, the Huntsman bringing up the Hounds

Photo by *Breach*

How they Hunt at Eastbourne

to adhere to cub-hunting, and thus avoid disappointing large fields by stopping hounds now and then from entering forbidden ground.

The Berks and Bucks Staghounds

Everyone regrets to hear that the members of the Berks and Bucks Farmers' Staghounds have had to consider their financial position very seriously, and that, though Sir Robert Wilmot has consented to carry on the Hunt as before till the end of the season, there is no little danger of the Bucks country falling into abeyance unless subscriptions are materially increased. When the Royal Pack was abandoned three years ago, the arrangement arrived at was generally admitted to be excellent. With an efficient staff, a smart pack of hounds owned by the Hunt, and a Master with position and a wide popularity to recommend him, there was every prospect of permanent success. The expenditure, however, outside the actual cost of keeping up the establishment has exceeded anticipation, while attempts to increase the revenue have proved discouraging. It has also been found difficult to arrange weekly visits to Bucks, where a new railway and increased wire have not facilitated matters. On the Berkshire side everything has gone smoothly enough, and it is to be hoped that, with the real state of affairs plainly set before them the supporters of the Hunt will redouble their efforts to keep the country together.

More about Beagles

Among the many little packs which do not court publicity, but with which, nevertheless, some excellent fun is enjoyed, there are few more sporting than that of the Rev. W. H. Shackel, and

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Meet of the Worcester Park Beagles at Belmont

All sportsmen will recognise among the group the burly figure of Dr. W. G. Grace, the veteran cricketer. On the left of the picture is seen the Master, Mr. J. Simpson

Meet of the Winslow Foot Beagles at East Claydon

known as the Winslow Foot Beagles. With a lovely country to hunt over, being, in fact, on the borders of the Bicester and Whaddon Chase territories, and heartily supported by landowners and occupiers, the prospects with the Winslow pack are of the brightest, and the little hounds have already had some good days, notably at East Claydon the other day, when they ran for over two hours. The Worcester Park pack, of which Dr. W. G. Grace is a keen and constant follower, is quite a first-rate establishment, and

Photos by *Newman*

The Winslow Foot Beagles: Making the first cast

when a hare takes to the Downs, round Belmont and Epsom, the pace and condition of the field is apt to be somewhat severely taxed. Mr. Simpson, the Master, has made quite a name for himself as a huntsman of beagles.

The Tickham

The Tickham country is to be congratulated on having secured, in Mr. George Elystan Evans, a Master who is certain to show good sport and generally maintain the high traditions of the Hunt. The portion of Kent allotted to the Tickham Hounds is neither auriferous nor comparable to Leicestershire, and when Mr. W. E. Rigden's lamented death occurred, it was feared lest, with no immediate successor forthcoming from the country itself, it might be rather late in the day to find a suitable Master. Mrs. Rigden, however, acted most generously to the Hunt, and Mr. Evans, who was a personal friend of the late Master, has now been induced to return to harness. His ten years of control over the Cambridgeshire Hounds, during the greater portion of which he handled the pack, have not only given him experience, but have stamped him as one of the best amateur huntsman over plough and in woodland, and though the new sphere of his activities will tax his talents to the full, he will have a capital pack of hounds to assist him. Mr. Rigden, during his thirty years of office, bestowed great care on the breeding of his hounds, and at one time the blood was in considerable request.

A Narrow Escape

Mr. Radclyffe, the Master of the South Dorset, must have had some anxious moments the other day when his hounds were cub-hunting at Poxwell, near Weymouth. Going away on a fox towards the cliffs they crossed an unrideable line, and it was found impossible to stop them, so that when Master and men arrived at the brink of the cliff there was no sign of hounds, and a calamity seemed to be assured. Luckily, however, only four or five couples of leading hounds had followed the fox down the precipice, and, marking him to ground half way down, they had escaped injury. The cliffs east of Weymouth are very high, in places more than a hundred feet, and steep too. Foxes naturally set their heads for such a haven of refuge from the inland coverts, and of recent years the danger in the South Dorset has been increased by the prevalence of wire in the intervening country.

Irish Notes

The Meath Hounds had their opening meet at Bective on Tuesday, October 25, when the Master, Mr. John Watson, had a big gathering to welcome him on commencing his thirteenth season. Amongst those present were the Marquis Conyngham and his mother the Marchioness, the Earl and Countess of Fingall, Lord and Lady Dunsany, etc. Captain Pennell-Elmhirst (better known as "Brooksby")

Photo by **Opening Meet of the Meath Hounds at Bective** [*Lafayette*

Mr. John Watson, the Master, is seen in the middle of the picture. A big gathering welcomed the popular Master of the Meath on the commencement of his thirteenth season

was also present on the opening day of the Meaths. No one ever expects much from the first meet of the season, and this again proved to be the case on Tuesday. The Bective covert yielded a brace of foxes, but they only gave an uninteresting ring, and back at once. A Churchtown fox gave a pleasant bit of a run by Philpotstown to Tullaghanstown, where he was headed, and got back *viâ* Philpotstown to his original haunt. Dunne's Gorse did not hold, when home was the word. Lord Dunsany's pack, known as the Tara Harriers, opened the ball at Dunsany Castle on Wednesday, October 26. Hares were plentiful, and some nice gallops were enjoyed. The Ormond Hounds (Lord Huntingdon's) commenced regular work on Monday, October 24, at Sharavogue—which has been rented to Mr. Evered, the acting Master—and had a nice run from Lannagh Wood to ground at Ballincor.

THE MUSHROOM GATHERERS

"Oo—oo—those horrid things came and took away our stools when we was sitting on them"

Sport Illustrated : Rugby, Association, and Lacrosse

A good deal of discussion has arisen lately with regard to forming a league of Metropolitan Rugby clubs to attempt to re-awaken interest in the game. Generally speaking, however, the chief Metropolitan clubs do not seem to have jumped at the notion. They are quite content with things as they are, and as their game is purely a pastime, they are quite indifferent as to whether they attract gates or not. They are probably wise in the line they have taken, because, when all is said and done, even were there an incentive to a league match, the man in the street, without any knowledge of football, can appreciate an Association match, whereas the technique of Rugby is a mystery to him; and "friendly" matches are sufficient to satisfy the rivalry of sporting amateurs

Rugby: Rosslyn Park *v.* Lennox. The break-up of a scrum

The backbone of Metropolitan Rugby is recruited from the Public Schools. Many of these schools, of course, have their own old boys' clubs, such as the Old Merchant Taylors, Old Leysians, Old Alleynians, etc.; but still there are half-a-dozen London clubs that manage to remain, year in and year out, much in the foremost ranks, and to attract much of the best talent from the Public Schools and Universities. Of these, Rosslyn Park and Lennox, who met recently at Old Deer Park, are instances. Although, perhaps, not to be reckoned as first-class, the two clubs for years have taken a good position, and have been more or less equal, Rosslyn Park just holding a balance of wins on past contests. During the coming season we hope to publish photographs of most of the Rugby clubs, whose doings are more neglected by the Press than their merits deserve.

Old Deer Park, at Richmond, was the scene of the keenly-contested game between Rosslyn Park and Lennox, of which we give illustrations. Both teams possess a good, hard-working forward line. The Parks certainly owed their success to the clever play of their pack, as their three-quarters, although grand at tackling, are often hardly reliable in their field work and passing. The first try was scored by Bell; passing to Somerville, he put it out to McEwen, who ran out with it. Nothing more was scored until after half-time; then there were some hard scrums, and the forwards worked down to the goal line, when Davis succeeded in getting the try, which was converted by a grand kick by King-Stephens. After a few moments, King-Stephens

Rugby: Rosslyn Park *v.* Lennox. Picking up out of a scrum

Sport Illustrated: Rugby, Association, and Lacrosse

Association: Casuals *v.* Oxford University Oxford stops a run

The Essex-Kent game was won by the Kent team. The Essex team did not, on the whole, acquit themselves particularly well; their game throughout was rather a hesitating one, and the passing seemed rather loose and wild, whilst they seemed to have to stop before throwing the ball. Considering the slackness of their attack, it was rather surprising that they scored the four they did. The Kent team did all their work on the move, and passed and took up the ball in a smart and neat manner that showed

made an unsuccessful attempt at a drop goal, but the Parks soon returned to the work, and getting down scored a good try, which was not converted. After this it was some time before the Parks attack broke in the Lennox defence, Avenell taking a nice pass from Ormesly and succeeding in getting over the line. This also missed being converted. A line-out resulted in a drop-kick goal by King-Stephens; the Parks winning by 15 points to one try (3 points).

Lacrosse: Middlesex *v.* Surrey at Lords. One of the Surrey men takes a "hummer"

In the Association game, on two successive Saturdays, Oxford University has been the attraction at Tufnell Park. Their match with the Casuals proved a good, evenly-contested game, ending in a draw of one goal each. The Oxonians are hardly in good trim yet, but the material is excellent, and when in full working order should prove to be a team of exceptional strength.

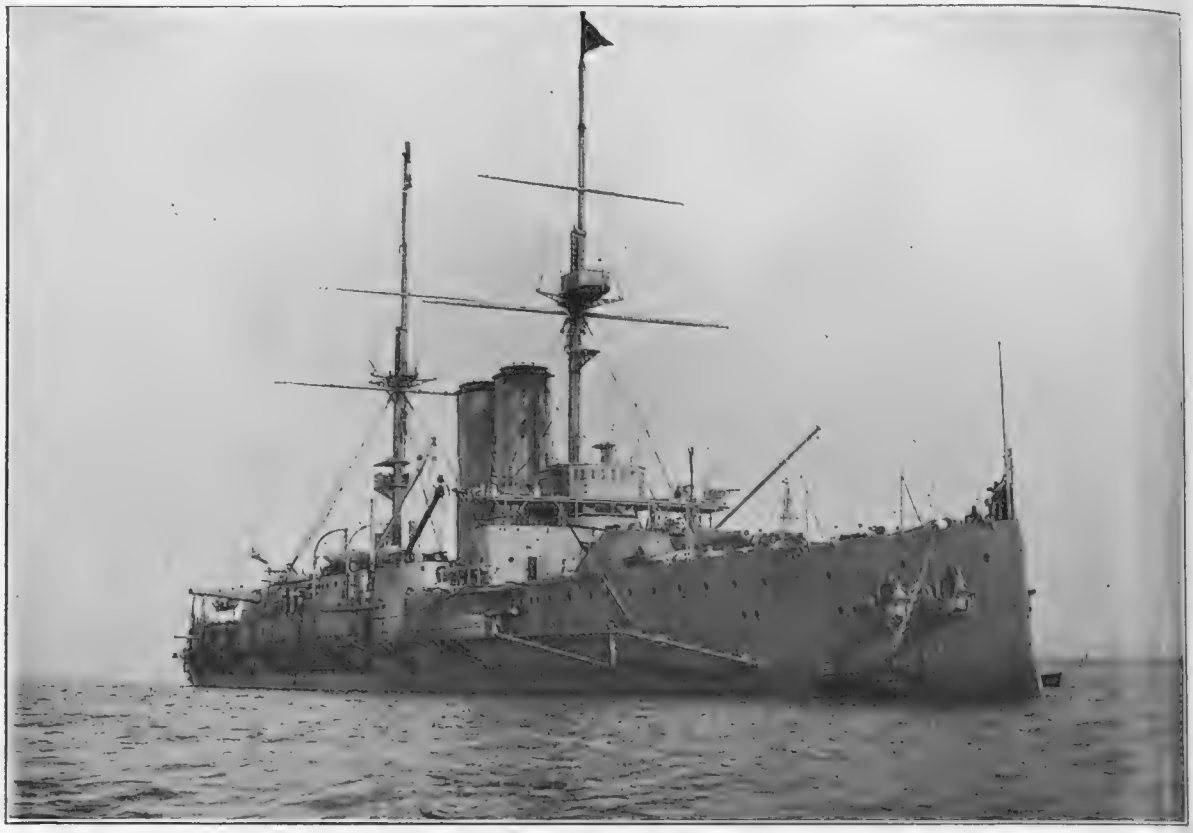
Lacrosse is a game attracting a good deal of attention in this country, and is finding a large number of advocates. It is a game that should appeal particularly to Englishmen, as it requires a good deal of stamina and no small running powers. Players have to be always on the move, there being very few stops during a match.

particularly well against the play of their opponents.

The game between Middlesex and Surrey, at Lords, was a rather one-sided one. Although it resulted in a large crop of goals for Middlesex, the game was by no means an uninteresting one, the Middlesex forward line playing a remarkably good combination game, and they were ably supported by the rest of their team. Surrey, who only succeeded in scoring one goal throughout the game, were not in at all good playing form, and as far as combination went were rather poor. The result of this match was a win to Middlesex of eight to one.

M. D.

Activity over the Anglo-Russian Situation



H.M.S. "King Edward VII.," the largest battleship in the world, taking in powder

She is flying the powder flag, which signals for the lighters to come alongside. They are ranged on the port side, one being just discernible in the illustration

Photos by *Cribb*

A busy time in the Destroyer Fleet

The destroyers alongside the dockyard are being commissioned with special crews

Photo by *Gregory*

The Anglo-Russian Difficulty: An expert view of the situation

Impressions of Famous Restaurants

By LIEUT.-COLONEL NEWNHAM-DAVIS

II.—THE SAVOY

The night was fine, the stars were clear in an indigo sky above, the Strand, clanging with sound, blazing with light, and alive with a busy play-going crowd, was as interesting as the opening chapter of a good novel; and I dawdled on my way to the Savoy, confident that I should maintain my reputation for punctuality, and had a good five minutes in hand.

I looked at the gilded shields which cling to the pillars of the forecourt of the big hotel, and on which are inscribed historical incidents connected with the site, and gazed up at the great white mass of the hotel with its green roofs and carvings under the eaves. I peeped into the *café*, the most charming of grill rooms, in front of which, in summer time, Londoners can sit and sip their coffee and imagine that they are in Paris, and I wondered, for the hundredth time, at the great expanse of rubber with which the entrance court is paved and which deadens all sound.

My five minutes of spare time were up, the great entrance doors swung open as I came to them, the spruce little manager of the hotel told me that I had been asked for. I went down the first of the flights of ruby-carpeted steps, my hat and coat were taken from me by a gorgeous person in knee breeches, and I looked across a space of crimson floor and another flight of steps to the great ante-room, where a dozen parties were assembling for dinner. This great drawing-room, with its green and white chairs, its statues, its brown marble pillars, with gilt Corinthian capitals, its soft light thrown upwards from the cornices, its copies of old masters let into the panels, and its many flowers, is the last word in splendid places of assembly. In front of one of the *étagères* was my cousin, the Comte, the giver of the feast, looking at his watch and expectant, and in a group near him were his mother, a delightful white-haired old lady, his wife, and two or three others of my cousins, English and French.

When my cousin, the Comte—who is not at all the British idea of a French Count, but is a jovial Southerner, with bushy whiskers and a great expanse of white waistcoat—comes over to England each autumn to shoot with some of his Britannic friends, he always descends, to use his idiom, at the Savoy, as so many of the French people of the old families always do; and as, on this occasion, his wife had risked the horrors of a Channel passage, and his mother had expressed a wish to see her younger English relations, M. le Comte was voyaging *en famille*, and was giving his dinner party that we might do honour to the most delightful old lady in the world.

I was welcomed expansively by my cousin, kissed his mother's hand, and then we all stood for a moment or two waiting for a late-comer, and watching the stream of beautifully-gowned women and well-groomed men sweep over the broad entrance spaces and down the garnet stairs.

Through the opening in the crystal screen, which forms a wall of the room, we went processionally into the restaurant—that most comforting of dining halls, the walls of which are of warm mahogany and its roof of gold—and, as we steered slowly to our flower-decked table near the balcony (giving a view of the moonlit Thames and Westminster), the pretty French cousin who had fallen to my lot, and who had grumbled a little that at the Savoy the ladies were expected to dine "in their hair," looking at the well-filled room, where great ladies, actresses, statesmen, soldiers, were amongst the guests, owned that no such brilliant assemblage could be seen in a Paris restaurant.

With a rustle of silk we settled down, and M. Jules, the rosy-faced manager of the restaurant, who had beamed on our advent, told me confidentially that *my* sole was in the menu, and that M. le Comte had order "Volaille à la Rotschild," the noblest of all dishes of fowl, at his suggestion. Below is the menu of the Comte's dinner, and when he rubbed his hands and said that it was all "of good," I told him that M. Thoureand, the *chef*, drew the salary of a Colonial Governor, and reminded him that England, not France, is now the paradise of great cooks:

Royal Natives — Œufs frais d'Esturgeon

Consommé riche aux nids d'hirondelle
Crème à la Portugaise

Filets de sole à la Newnham Davis

Volaille soufflée à la Rothschild

Selle d'agneau à l'Africaine

Zéphir Westphalienne sur socle

Perdreau bardé au lard
Cœurs de romaine

Asperges vertes sauce mousseline et beurre

Soufflé Savoy

Rocher de glace à la Napolitaine
Friandises

Corbeille de fruits

At the Savoy Hotel: Entrance to the Grand Foyer

MATTERS MUSICAL

(For this week's Musical Arrangements see page 376)

The Symphony Concerts

No one who heard both the opening concerts of the two Symphony orchestras can avoid a comparison of their respective achievements. Those changes which have been the *raison d'être* of the London Symphony Orchestra, have, without doubt, had their effect on the present Queen's Hall band, though in praising the wonderful *ensemble* of the first, under Dr. Cowen's able *bâton*, one must not forget that it is largely due to Mr. Wood's energy and skill in the past. It is but another evidence of his wonderful power as a leader that he has in so short a time been able to draw together such a satisfactory band as made its bow last week. Traces there were of indecision, and the whole orchestra was not quite together in places, but the playing of Tschaikowsky's complicated *Manfred* symphony, which formed the *pièce de resistance*, was entirely worthy of praise. Dr. F. H. Cowen, too, at the close of the London Symphony concert, received quite an ovation, and one which was thoroughly deserved. It is to be doubted if there has been heard of late years such a wonderful crescendo as that which delighted the audience in Wagner's *Faust* overture; and the conductor's *Phantasy of Light and Love* was played with singular charm.

Mme. Jeanne Wayda

Who made her *début* at the Opera last week in *Pagliacci*

Mme. Jeanne Wayda

Madame Jeanne Wayda, or Mdlle. Jeanne Karolevitch, as she was before she was married two years ago, is the subject of our illustration this week. She is a native of Poland, and was successful in winning a four years' scholarship at the Lemburg Conservatoire, after which she made her *début* at Lemburg, in *La Sonambula*, with great success. After appearing all over the Continent, she made her first appearance at Covent Garden last week, singing as "Nedda," with Caruso as "Canio," in *Pagliacci*. She proved herself possessed of considerable dramatic talent, and sang with great sweetness, though she has not a very powerful voice.

Madame Clara Butt's Welcome

To say that Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford's opening concert was an entire success sounds like a truism. Yet what more can one do than add that for each item they sang an encore was enthusiastically demanded? Madame Clara Butt's farewell song, "The Land of Hope and Glory," sung in response to a recall, had almost the effect of a benediction.

Be Merciful, O Powers!

It behoves one, having eulogised the performers, to offer up a prayer on behalf of weary audiences for mercy in the matter of length of programme. Both the concerts referred to were far too long, and it would be a judicious move on the part of the powers that govern such things if they were to see to it that they were shorter in future. The Queen's Hall Orchestra advertised their concert to last an hour and three-quarters, but it could never have been got through in that time, and it was actually ten minutes past five before the audience was at liberty. At the Thursday concert it was even worse—half-past five hardly saw the exhausted listeners dispersing in search of a belated cup of tea. It is tiring work listening to symphonies, and it should be arranged for everybody to get away well before five o'clock.

Opera at Moderate Prices

Even if one smiles, one cannot help admiring the enterprise of the *Daily Mail* in offering to take over the management of the Opera for a single night, and sell the entire bookings at greatly reduced rates, in perfect confidence that it will succeed in making a profit out of the transaction. That large section of the community which is in the habit of going to concerts and theatres will watch next Thursday's experiment with interest, for if it is possible to do so for one performance, and still make a profit, there does not seem to be any valid reason why it should not become the general rule to sell seats at much cheaper rates than obtain under the present system. There are many who would pay five shillings or seven-and-six for a stall, who boggle at the customary guinea. These have their first opportunity at to-morrow's performance of Gounod's *Faust*. May it not be the last!

H. F.

Photo. by *Jas. Bacon and Sons*

Mme. Clara Butt

Who received a hearty welcome at her concert at the Albert Hall last week. With her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mme. Clara Butt is at present on a concert tour through the provinces

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

"And Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." We were seated in the wondrously beautiful entrance court at the Savoy Hotel, waiting for our own particular party to turn up, when the above remark issued from the mouth of one who had been abroad for some years, and who consequently brought the eye of fine criticism to bear on the world of fair women passing through on their way to the restaurant. It chanced to be a representative gathering, and some of the frocks were veritable poems of beauty. Standing forth, conspicuous successes, were one or two jetted or sequined net dresses, stitched with lines of black ribbon velvet, some of which ended in large balls of jets, while others finished with the ends of the velvet caught up in long loops. One exceptionally beautiful toilette, after this *genre*, was arranged *en princesse*, the *décolletage* softened by clouds of old-world tinted lace, of which the short elbow sleeves were also fashioned.

A dark girl, who wore the popular coronal plait with particular *éclat*, invited criticism in a shaded yellow chiffon creation, that toned from a deep *coq de roche* at the hem to a quite delicate orange at the waist. With commendable taste and acumen, the harmony was left absolutely undisturbed, and, as our interested and observant companion remarked, the wearer looked like some enchanting Leighton vision, in the matter of colouring, though there our critic was forced to close the similitude. For the rest she was modern of the modern, whereas, in close proximity came a Louis Seize gown of brocade and old lace with bows, diamond buttons, and great shoe buckles all complete, the wearer of which might have walked straight out of the days of the Trianon. And such, in a nutshell, proclaims the versatile note of the hour. Conclusively, our stranger from afar remarked with infinite relish the improved complexions of his womenkind, and thereby incidentally hit upon a subject Ambrosine and I are never weary of discussing and expounding.

Blouse in Mauve Cashmere, with velvet bands in a deeper shade

Health is Beauty

In a recent issue of a great daily, there appeared a characteristic article by an American woman, on the subject of "Beauty Culture," that contained some great truths, and also certain interesting revelations. From this obviously genuine dissertation, written with no one particular skin specialist in view, there was propounded the belief that the American woman had been largely instrumental in maintaining the hygienic view taken of this latter absorbing complexion craze, by such expounders of the creed as Mrs. Pomeroy, whose slight treatise, entitled "Beauty Rules," dwells fully as much on hygiene, broad rules of diet, and the like commonplace order of details, as on the actual treatment of the skin itself.

Though, we may observe, in reference to the latter, that our own personal experience, based on motoring chiefly, with hockey thrown in for Ambrosine, that the present season is the one above all others when one should take extra precautions, and, if possible, go through a course of treatment. For the best cared-for complexion is apt to give out under the stress of biting winds and frost, and, as I have before remarked with emphasis in these very pages, the purple-tinted complexion, consequent on a rash use of face powders and *papier poudre* is not to be tolerated to-day. To the American woman, as the above-quoted article relates, the imperativeness of a visit to the regular favoured face masseuse is no longer questioned. It is a duty she owes to the whole world of mankind, and is consequently performed with that rigidity of purpose characteristic of her kind.

The Bystander, November 9, 1904

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L. & N. W. RLY. (PINNER). — To be SOLD or LET, a well-built RESIDENCE, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.); Co.'s gas & water, main drainage, grounds of an acre, including tennis lawn. Price, £2,700. Rent, £130 per annum. (12,495)

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£1,200 WILL BUY a charming little ESTATE of 21 acres on the Suffolk and Essex borders, comprising a well-built Residence standing in its own grounds, and containing; 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, and 2 extra servants' rooms over brewery; stabling for 6 horses, cowsheds and other buildings; also 5-roomed farmhouse and outbuildings, and a further 75 acres can be had adjoining. Price, for the whole, £2,700.—Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 264)

...RS.—To be SOLD, this delightful ...DENCE, situated in an ideal position, ...ding extensive views over the surrounding country. It is approached by ..., guarded by a pretty lodge, and ... 4 ... reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bed... and excellent offices; ample ... farm buildings. The grounds ... laid out, with extensive lawns, ... and well-stocked kitchen garden ...ard; ... land adjoining if desired. ...ent hunting with several packs.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,651)

£1,850 ...ILL BUY a charming FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, within 40 minutes of ...don, standing in grounds of 4½ acres, and ... 4 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, ...ces; stabling for 5, etc.—Agents, ...), as above. (U 1,932)

FLATS

HARRODS (Ltd.) are the Sole Agents for many of the principal blocks of FLATS in the Belgravia, Cadogan Estates, and other districts. Rents from £70 to £700 per annum; and also furnished from 3 gs. to 30 gs. per week. A carefully selected List of flats available for the winter will be sent on receipt of requirements.

MAGNIFICENTLY FURNISHED FAMILY FLAT.—Exceptionally well-arranged and situated Flat to be LET, comprising: 8 bedrooms, very handsome drawing room, 2 other reception rooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete domestic offices; every modern convenience, including hot-water supply. Rent, only 15gs. per week.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

EXCEPTIONALLY LIGHT AND AIRY.

SLOANE SQUARE.—Well-arranged Corner FLAT to be LET, Unfurnished, comprising: 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 good reception rooms, and full domestic offices. Rent, £210 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WITHIN 100 YARDS OF THE PARK.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE.—A well Furnished FLAT to be LET, at once, containing: 2 bedrooms, reception, and bathroom.- Rent, 5gs. per week, including good attendance; catering on the premises.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

NOW READY FOR OCCUPATION.

HANS MANSIONS, S.W.—The Finest FLATS in London. This palatial building is now in course of completion, and many of the suites are ready for immediate occupation. "The Finest Flats in London," as they are generally acknowledged to be, might be equally well described as a commodious TOWN HOUSE on one floor. The accommodation in each case comprising: 3 noble reception rooms, 8 large and light bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 w.c.'s. Excellently-arranged and commodious domestic offices (including servants' hall); constant hot-water supply (day and night) free of charge. Electric elevators. Day and night porters. Marble paved and exquisitely-decorated corridors, and staircases richly carpeted. Rents, £350 to £625 per annum.—To view, apply to HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£1,100 WILL BUY a pretty RESIDENCE at Sandhurst, Berks, containing: 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, and offices; stabling for 2 horses, and pretty grounds of about ½ acre.—Full particulars of the Agents, HARRODS, (Ltd.), as above. (U 2,520)

WILTS (near Chippenham).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, this charming RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road, approached by a carriage drive and standing in well laid-out and matured grounds and gardens, including 2 tennis lawns, flower garden, kitchen garden, 2 paddocks, and field, in all about 10 acres. The House contains: entrance hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; stabling for 4 horses, coach-house, grooms' rooms, and cottage. Excellent hunting 6 days a week.—Rent and further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

15 MILES OF CITY.

ESSEX.—To be SOLD, a charming RESIDENCE, situated in a bracing locality 300ft. above sea level, and standing in its own well laid-out grounds. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, laundry, kitchen, and offices; stabling for 4 horses, farmery, etc. There are about 31 acres of good, rich pasture land adjoining, enclosed in a ring fence. The hay crop and after-feed average £130 per annum. Or House and 4 acres would be LET.—Full particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 1,653)

Telegrams: "OWENSIAN, London"

OWEN WALLIS & CO.

Telephone: 1655 Mayfair

17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.

...F. REDUCED PRICE.

...OST HEATHER MOORS AND PINES.

...For SALE, an old-fashioned, creeper-clad ...ed RESIDENCE, in a bracing position, ...th nearly 10 acres of delightful and naturally beautiful grounds; 2 halls, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, etc.; stabling.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

AN HOUR FROM TOWN.

DORKING DISTRICT.—A charming Freehold PROPERTY for SALE in this popular neighbourhood, standing in about 11 acres. Contains: 5 best bedrooms, 3 servants' rooms, 3 reception rooms, and good offices; large flower and kitchen gardens; stabling for 4 or 5 horses. To be LET or SOLD.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

150 ACRES AND CAPITAL FARMHOUSE.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Near 2 important market towns and close to station, church, and post office. The Farmhouse stands high, with south aspect, and the land, which is in very good condition, is principally pasture, with fine avenue of elms, orchards, etc. A splendid opportunity for anyone fond of farming.—Inspected and recommended by OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

200 FT. ABOVE SEA.

HANTS and SUSSEX (a mile from station, in the lovely district of Petersfield, situate in a most favourite position, gently undulating ground, commanding delightful views, and in a salubrious and bracing neighbourhood).—

TO BE SOLD,

a well-built RESIDENCE, approached by a drive (over 100 yards), and containing: 4 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices; modern drainage, electric bells, gas, and Company's water.

TASTEFULLY LAID-OUT GROUNDS,

walled-in kitchen and fruit garden, conservatory, 21ft. by 10ft., very productive orchard, paddock, and 2 meadows, in all about 6 acres.

Stables of 3 stalls, harness room, and living rooms; piggeries, etc.

GOLF HALF-A-MILE, NEAR CHURCH, AND POST.

Excellent shooting and fishing to be had in the neighbourhood, and hunting with 3 packs.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

NEWBURY NEIGHBOURHOOD.—Gravel soil, 400ft. above sea, 2 miles from golf. To be SOLD, a very attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with beautiful views, and splendidly fitted with parquet and oak block floors, panelled ceilings, etc. Contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices. Sanitary arrangements renewed. Gas and water laid on. Excellent stabling, outbuildings, and studio. Prettily-timbered and shrubbed gardens, croquet and tennis lawns, kitchen garden, greenhouse, orchard, paddock, and pond, in all about 8 acres.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

OXFORDSHIRE HILLS.—In a high, healthy, and picturesque country, a capital RESIDENCE, with 7 acres of beautiful grounds. The latter are a unique feature of the property, with delightful woodland walks, heather land, plantation gardens, etc. Contains: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and good offices; stabling and outbuildings.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

BUNGALOW RESIDENCE. ELECTRIC LIGHT. 3½ ACRES WELL-WOODED GROUNDS.

SUSSEX.—For SALE, a Gentleman's RESIDENCE, with carriage approach, and containing: billiard room (open to roof), 2 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; well-built stabling, coachhouse, and cottage; beautiful grounds, tennis and croquet lawns, small wood, glasshouses, etc.; gravel and sand soil.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

COUNTRY HOUSE AND 30 ACRES.

SUFFOLK.—£2,000 will be accepted for a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and bathrooms, large halls, and offices; stabling, buildings, 2 cottages, well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, and park-like land; high position.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

BRACING POSITION.

WILTS (near Berks border; station 4 miles).—An attractive RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATE, with shooting over 1,000 acres; old-fashioned Residence modernised, 600ft. above sea level, in small park: 3 reception, billiard, bath, 10 bedrooms, etc.; shady grounds, lodge, stabling, cottages. For SALE, with about 500 acres, or would be LET, Unfurnished. Fishing and hunting.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

OWEN WALLIS & CO., 17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

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OVERLOOKING THE BRISTOL CHANNEL.

TO BE SOLD, a very attractive RESIDENCE, luxuriously decorated and in perfect order. Accommodation: spacious entrance hall, dining room (26ft. by 18ft.), drawing room (27ft. by 21ft.), billiard room (15ft. high), morning room (18ft. by 15ft.), study (20ft. by 12ft.), 9 bedrooms, 2 bath rooms, etc. Modern stabling for 4. The grounds slope to the Channel, and extend to about 6 acres, including gardens, orchard and paddock, glasshouses, cottage, and outbuildings. Gas laid on. Price, £4,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,902)

4,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING AND A GOOD HOUSE.

ONE HOUR OF TOWN.

TO BE LET, for the remainder of the season, or possibly longer, and might be SOLD, a very fine HOUSE, containing 30 bed and dressing rooms, together with about 4,000 acres of shooting: 1,500 to 2,000 pheasants ought to be shot. The property is within one hour of town, and the house is unusually attractive.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

CLOSE TO A MAIN LINE STATION, 25 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, Unfurnished, the above attractive RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of 9 acres. Accommodation: 5 reception, billiard, and 12 bed and dressing rooms; ample offices; stabling for 6 horses; 4 cottages; picturesque grounds, conservatory, lake, range of glasshouses, etc. Company's gas and water; main drainage. Hunting with five packs. Close to good fishing and golf links.—Price, rent, and further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,413)

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON.

TO BE LET OR SOLD, an attractive GABLED HOUSE in a park of 25 acres. 3 reception, 13 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 3.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as above. (2,250)

MANORIAL RESIDENCE IN SUFFOLK.

£2,000 for a small ESTATE of 40 acres of rich meadow and arable land, with a quaint old gabled Manor House erected in the sixteenth century. It contains: drawing room (22 ft. 6 in. by 22 ft.), dining room with mullioned bay window, morning room, 9 bedrooms, etc. Ornamental gardens. Set of farm buildings, 9 cottages.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (966)

IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PART OF SURREY.

ABOUT ONE HOUR OF TOWN

£4,500 will purchase this charming COUNTRY PROPERTY, complete in every detail, and ready for immediate occupation. The well-planned HOUSE stands in pretty and well-timbered grounds of nearly 2 acres, all laid out as gardens. Accommodation: 3 spacious reception rooms, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and well-fitted offices. In first-rate repair. Gas laid on. Stabling for 3 horses, cottage. Near 2 stations with excellent train service. Specially recommended.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, Estate Agents, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,681)

THE CONDUIT STREET AUCTION GALLERIES.

THE ATTENTION OF EXECUTORS, Trustees, Solicitors, and Owners, who may be desirous of selling Family Jewels, Old Silver, Paintings, Drawings, Engravings and Prints, Miniatures, China, Bronzes, Coins, Medals, Libraries, Autographs, Sculpture, Old Lace, Furs, Pianofortes, Musical and Scientific Instruments, Guns, Furniture, and other valuables, is drawn to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY'S

THREE AUCTION GALLERIES,

which are open daily to receive property intended for early public disposal.

SALES ON OWNERS' PREMISES

are held in all parts of the Kingdom, of Contents of Residences, Farming Stock, etc., as required.

VALUATIONS UNDER THE FINANCE ACT, 1894, for Partnership, Division, and all other purposes are prepared at short notice.

COMPACT RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 60 ACRES.

BETWEEN ROSS AND HEREFORD.—The RESIDENCE stands on an eminence, commands extensive views, and is approached by a carriage drive. Aspect, W. and S. W. It contains: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, etc.; verandah to front of house. Stabling for 6. Well laid-out pleasure grounds, glasshouses, and gardens. The land lies well together, and is in a high state of cultivation. Substantially-built agricultural buildings. Hunting. Price, only £2,500. — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANKland RUTLEY. (1,228)

THIS pretty Freehold RESIDENCE, situate in an open and healthy district, 35 minutes from London, and standing in ornamental grounds of 4 acres, to be SOLD. Billiard room, 2 reception rooms, conservatory, 6 bedrooms, bath, etc. Motor-house, greenhouse, rustic summer-houses, etc. South aspect. Gravel subsoil. Price, £3,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,609)

NORMAN SHAW HOUSE.

OVER 100 ACRES. BILLIARD ROOM.

STABLING FOR 15.

TO BE SOLD, about one hour of Town, a Picturesque PROPERTY in a lovely district. 4 reception rooms (mostly oak-panelled), billiard room, 22 bed and dressing rooms. — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as above. (1,587)

COUNTRY HOUSE WITH 10 ACRES.

ON THE BORDERS OF HERTS.— One hour of town, to be SOLD a modern RESIDENCE of attractive appearance. Accommodation: good hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), etc. Stabling for 6 horses, gardens and meadow land. Price, £2,750, or would be LET, Unfurnished, at £120 per annum. —Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,483)

HANTS COAST.—To be LET, Furnished, a Picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in lovely grounds. Accommodation: 2 halls, billiard room, 5 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; gas laid on; stabling for 8 (Musgrave's fittings); tennis and other lawns, small lake, terraces, etc.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 233)

THE BEST HOUSE IN GROSVENOR GARDENS.

REDECORATED THROUGHOUT REGARDLESS OF COST.

TO BE SOLD, a great bargain, the fine MANSION, known as 44, Grosvenor Gardens, situated on the preferable side, and in perfect order. It contains: 5 reception rooms, conservatory, 15 bed and dressing rooms, two staircases, and unusually good offices; electric light and gas laid on; stabling for 5.—Agents, Messrs KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below.

SMALL HOUSE, WITH LARGE ROOMS AND OLD GARDEN. INSIDE THE FOUR-MILE CAB RADIUS.

TO BE SOLD, Detached HOUSE on Tulse Hill, with drawing and dining rooms, each about 23ft. by 14ft., morning room, principal bedroom 23ft. by 14ft., 6 smaller bedrooms, bathroom. Excellent light offices. Secluded garden about 200ft. long, abutting on to Brockwell Park, and within 12 minutes' walk of three stations. Electric light and bells. Hot and cold water. Lease, 36 years. Low ground rent. Price, £1,500.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (6,220)

4,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING. OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE.

YORKS.—To be LET, Furnished, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE (16 bedrooms), standing in a well-wooded park; stabling for 14; 6 tennis courts (1 covered in), cricket ground, farmery, and pasture land if desired; hunting with 4 packs. Low rent.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (F 615)

OVERLOOKING REGENT'S PARK (Ulster Terrace; by order of the Executors).—One of the very few available HOUSES in this favourite district to be LET or SOLD immediately. It contains: 4 excellent reception rooms, billiard room, bathroom, 8 bedrooms, and ample offices. Stabling and garage; electric light. — Apply KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (6,195)

AT A SACRIFICE.

£7,500 WILL BUY a Compact SPORTING ESTATE which has cost, within the last two years, over £12,000. It is situate in a beautiful part of Sussex, and comprises a pleasure farm of 166 acres, mostly grass, with the above charming old Residence, which has been modernised and brought up to date; electric light, modern sanitary arrangements; 4 reception rooms, 15 bedrooms, bath; stabling and farm buildings, well-timbered pleasure grounds, secondary residence, 4 cottages, etc.—Further particulars, photographs, and plan, of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, who have inspected the property, and can thoroughly recommend it. (2,600)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephone No. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

SEVENOAKS DISTRICT. — £2,600 for charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY, comprising a well-appointed modern Residence, in prettily laid-out grounds, with tennis lawn and fruit plantation; modern sanitary arrangements and Company's water; small stabling and outbuildings; cottage; hunting and golf.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,789)

DORKING (near).—The above attractive COTTAGE ORNÉE, with beautifully-timbered grounds, stabling, cottage, etc., for SALE, at a moderate price. 10 minutes from station, near Boxhill: 7 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), suite of good reception rooms. Tennis and croquet lawns, shrubberies, well-stocked kitchen garden.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,893)

CHURCH STRETTON (Salop).—£2,000 for artistic RESIDENCE in this [illegible]ict. Close to golf. Near station. High [illegible] fine views. 9 bedrooms, bath (h. and [illegible] 3 reception rooms. Attractive grounds, with [illegible]s, kitchen garden, etc. Modern sanitation.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,945)

MEYNELL COUNTRY.—£4,000.—This exceptionally attractive, moderate-sized RESIDENCE, with excellent stabling, perfectly matured and inexpensive pleasure grounds, small park, and 2 pasture fields, in all about 42 acres; exceedingly compact; bounded by main county road; good [illegible] drainage; superb views; 420ft. above [illegible]. Inspected and highly recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

PART OF QUORN COUNTRY.

CLOSE TO AN EXPRESS STOPPING STATION.

A **REMARKABLY** complete small RESIDENTIAL ESTATE to be SOLD, comprising a perfectly-equipped and historic Mansion, [illegible]th electric light and heated throughout; [illegible] stabling for about 20 horses; thoroughly [illegible]nd inexpensive gardens and grounds, [illegible]nd home farm, in all nearly 150 acres. [illegible]cted and highly recommended.—WALTON [illegible] LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,344)

SALISBURY (near).—For SALE, Freehold, desirable RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, extending to between 6 and 7 acres. High and charming situation. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, and offices; stabling for 3, outbuildings. Hunting and fishing. £3,500.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (10,855)

SURREY (near station and close to golf).—To be SOLD, or might be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a perfectly-equipped RESIDENCE in superbly-timbered grounds containing: good hall, reception, billiard, and 8 bedrooms; stabling and cottage, beautiful garden, tennis and roquet lawns, kitchen gardens; all in perfect order.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (10,738)

A **COMPACT LITTLE PROPERTY** of 7 Acres in the midst of good hunting and society.—To be SOLD, in a favourite part of Oxfordshire, old-fashioned HOUSE, internally modernised, hall, 3 good sitting rooms 8 bedrooms, bath, stabling, and 2 cottages. Sheltered garden and pleasant surroundings. Price moderate.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (19,881)

RURAL DISTRICT IN HERTS (2½ miles from station, 35 minutes from the City).—For SALE, a picturesque creeper-clad RESIDENCE, with all modern conveniences and exceptionally beautiful pleasure grounds, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses. Stabling for 4, cottages and farmery. Large hall and fine panelled reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, ball room. Moderate price.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,833)

£2,500 for a charming little FREEHOLD of about 2 acres, midway between Weybridge and Chertsey, 40 minutes from London. Carriage drive, with lodge, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, stabling. Grandly-timbered pleasure grounds, excellent kitchen garden, with greenhouses, etc. Golf. Extra grass land up to 10 acres adjoining can be purchased. Inspected. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,856)

BUCKS (on the Herts border).—Charming RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 60 acres, for SALE; perfectly rural situation, grandly-timbered undulating park; stabling, farmery; beautiful grounds, lodge entrance; high on gravel, with good views. Old-fashioned Country House, with excellent accommodation; extra land if required. Near station to be opened next year.—Details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,904)

PRICE £4,100.

A BARGAIN IN SOMERSET.

A **UNIQUE LITTLE ESTATE** of about 23 acres of rich meadow and orchard, together with the above stone-built and mullioned RESIDENCE, in excellent order throughout: 5 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms; stabling for 4, 3 superior cottages, etc.; charming grounds, productive kitchen garden, etc. Hunting with Blackmore Vale Hounds.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (19,874)

3,000 GUINEAS only for an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE and 72 acres (mostly grass), delightfully situated in a pretty part of Essex, a little over an hour from London; high and healthy situation, fine views. 11 bed and dressing, bath, 3 large reception, saloon hall; stabling, farm buildings, pretty grounds, and kitchen garden; gravel soil. Partridge shooting.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,432)

£2,000 WILL PURCHASE the above attractive old MANOR HOUSE on the East Coast (about 1½ miles from the sea and two stations): 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, stabling for 6, cottage, farmery; well-timbered grounds, paddocks adjoining, about 6½ acres in all; golf; shooting and hunting. Inspected. — WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,436)

BERKS, WILTS, and OXON BORDERS.—£6,500 for an old-fashioned picturesque RESIDENCE and 32 Acres of Old PASTURE, all in ring fence; stabling, farmery, good cottage, charming grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, glasshouses, and orchard; 8 bed and dressing, bath, 3 reception, conservatory; gravel soil; extra land and additional cottages can be bought; shooting, fishing, hunting.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,920)

£2,500 for picturesque old-fashioned HOUSE, on Somerset and Wilts borders, near station, pretty district; 8 acres of gardens, orchard, and pasture; 12 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3; cottage; 1½ miles from town and station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,374)

DORSET AND WILTS BORDERS (near GILLINGHAM).—Price £2,200. Capital BIJOU HUNTING BOX and 6 acres, delightfully placed on slope of a hill; with stabling, farmery, lawns, gardens, and paddock. Three miles from station, 2½ hours of London.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,245)

35 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.

OXSHOTT AND COBHAM, surrounded by gorse and heather-clad common and pine woods, high on gravel with grand views, the above artistic RESIDENCE, exceptionally well-built for owner's occupation and replete with every comfort. 10 bed and dressing rooms, magnificent billiard room, stabling, charming well-timbered and shrubbed grounds, kitchen garden, 2 acres. Price, £4,500, or close offer. Highly recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,934)

HUNTING WITH THREE PACKS, close to station, 1¼ hours from town. — For SALE, Freehold, an attractive medium-sized RESIDENCE in Bucks, standing on sandy soil, with beautiful views extending to the Chiltern Hills; capital stabling, outbuildings (including farmery), and several acres of rich old pasture.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,183)

ASCOT HEATH (close to the course, high on sand, good views)—To be SOLD, charming Modern HOUSE and beautiful grounds of 4 acres: 11 bed and dressing, bath, large reception rooms, lounge hall; stabling, lawns, kitchen garden.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,880)

SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS.

10 MINUTES' DRIVE FROM THE BEAUTIFUL Pine and Heather Country at Frimley.—To be SOLD, at reduced price, by order of Executors, the above charming RESIDENCE, containing ample accommodation for a large family, lofty reception rooms, fine billiard room, stabling for 6, cott ges, farmery, magnificently-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen gardens, and pine wood; in all 43 acres. Modern drainage, excellent water supply, and every amenity.—Details of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,523)

BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—£1,550 only, for an attractive COUNTRY HOUSE, ten minutes from station; walled in, finely timbered, and secluded grounds, kitchen garden, glasshouses; 11 bed and dressing, bath, 3 good reception rooms; stabling for 2.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,696)

HERTS (about 40 minutes from Euston).—To be SOLD, a choice Freehold RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 75 acres, comprising a handsome RESIDENCE of medium size, also farmery, bailiff's house, and cottages; charming grounds with tennis and croquet lawns, and park-like pasture and meadow land. Hunting and fishing.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,726)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephone: 3645 GERRARD. } IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON"

39, KING STREET **EDMUND SMITH & CO.** ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.

CHELMSFORD DISTRICT.—Choice RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms; nice gardens, and 28 acres of grass and orchard, with lodge, stabling, etc.; gravel soil; excellent boating; views of hills. £1,850. Photos.—EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James's Square, S.W.

GREAT BARGAIN IN LANDED ESTATE, about 1,000 acres, in a ring fence, nearly all let, and showing 5 to 6 per cent. This is a nice old MANOR FAMILY RESIDENCE, with exceptionally attractive, ancient grounds and park lands. The shooting is possibly without equal for the area, and includes extensive woods. The situation is high and bracing, amidst lovely country, 1 hour's rail from London. Personally inspected.—EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James', S.W.

KENT (half-hour from London, on lovely heath).—£2,500, or offer, or to be LET, one of the prettiest PLACES in the country: 3 reception, conservatory, bath, 8 bed and dressing, billiard room; excellent stabling; lovely gardens, studded with magnificent forest trees, orchard, etc.; high, light soil; sacrifice.—EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James', S.W.

HANTS (**Sussex and Surrey Border,** near Petersfield, commanding views which could hardly be surpassed in Devonshire).—Ideal old-fashioned modernised RESIDENCE, standing in superbly-timbered grounds, with grass and plantations, gardener's and coachman's cottages, excellent stabling, splendid kitchen garden and 2 glasshouses. There are 3 panelled reception, good hall, splendid billiard saloon, 8 bedrooms, and servants' hall. £4,000. Inspected. Photos.—EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James', S.W.

£3,200.—PHENOMENAL BARGAIN.—RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATE, a little over an hour from London, comprising a perfectly charming, distinctive, old-world Family Residence, quaint old gardens, farmery, cottages; good income from farm lands; shooting, golfing, fishing, and yachting. Freehold.

ON THE SOLENT.—Beautiful MANSION (where Royalty have stayed), on a hill, with park, slip, and anchorage, at an absurdly low price; or Rent, £250.

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£7 17s. 6d. AN ACRE.—SPORTING ESTATE, affording splendid shooting and trout fishing, situate in the loveliest part of England, to be SOLD, with about 2,000 acres and a moderate-sized Mansion, and every amenity.

BERKS.—Picturesque, small, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in exquisitely-timbered grounds: lodge, stabling, farmery, cottages, and well-let farm, with fishing in the Kennet.

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SURREY (300ft. up; ¾ hour London).—Small MANSION; lodges, stabling, farmery, bailiff's house, lovely grounds, lakelet, and 50 acres of park, forming ideal home; £8,200.—EDMUND SMITH and Co., as above.

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PLEASURE FARM (amidst lovely hill scenery, 1 hour south from London).—200 ACRES, with gentleman's small RESIDENCE, approached by long drive; model cottages, etc. The House is quaint and charming, with oak-panelled and beamed interior; lovely gardens; excellent shooting. Trustees bargain.—EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James's Square, S.W.

HANTS AND SURREY BORDER (1 hour from London).—Idyllic PROPERTY of 50 ACRES, clothed with a mass of verdure indigenous to the ground, and having natural beauties and effects of a variegated character. The Residence is a singularly charming one, with a beautiful lounge hall and suite of reception rooms, somewhat in the Dutch style, bathroom, 13 bed and dressing rooms. There is a long carriage drive, guarded by lodge, excellent stabling, men's rooms, and farmery, and every possible amenity. The grounds are distinctly delightful, having terraces with yew and other hedges, with avenues of shrubs and trees, giving a charming vista to the lake, which is stocked with trout, and has a boathouse and islets. The property stands 300ft. above sea level on gravel subsoil. The sporting for such a bijou place is good; 30 to 40 pheasants, 300 rabbits, and a sprinkling of partridges, wild duck, woodcock, and snipe. Shooting adjoining could possibly be rented; also more land acquired.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Sole Agents, EDMUND SMITH and Co., 39, King Street, St. James's Square, S.W.

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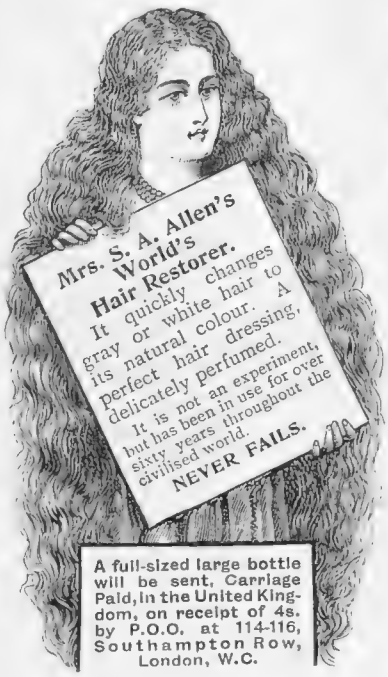

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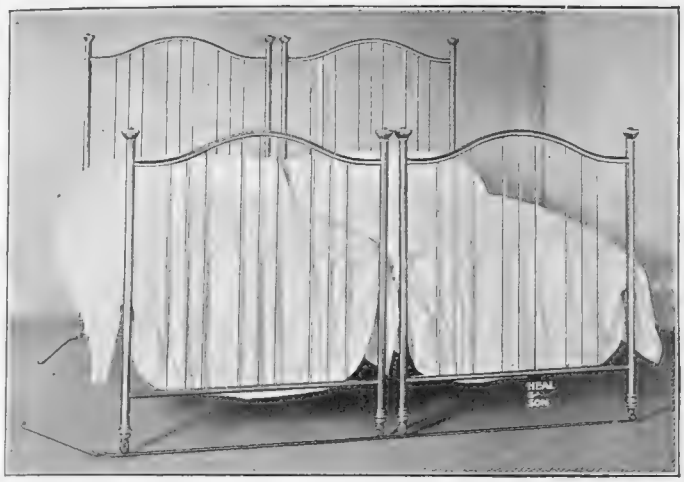

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Old Shirts made good as New with good Materials in neckband, cuffs and front for 14/- the half doz.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Enquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

The Fuss about Furs

Pouf! the noise and the babble that is going on about this imitation of furs. I am trying hard to understand the depths of iniquity consequent on infringing a Trade Mark. Of course, I am sure it is as bad as bad can be, but let the purveyors of genuine pelt take heart of grace again. We women are not by any means as brainless or as gullible as possibly we appear, and when we are offered an amazingly cheap coatee, for instance, glibly described as of mink or marten, and priced at five guineas, we know precisely that we are buying ordinary dyed squirrel, which will serve for a season and be cast aside. No one, however irate, can possibly believe that, possessing the scintillation of a chance, any woman would willingly purchase counterfeit for real, and we are, frankly speaking, not in the mood to be deluded in the matter at all; nothwithstanding the extent to which some of us are disposed to discountenance these imitations, for lack, to speak truly, of the ready wherewithal to do better.

At Harrods

But to return to real fur; everyone should see Harrods' special Fur Catalogue. It is surpassingly good, as, indeed, are all things at this greatest of all emporiums, which grows in grace and favour every week of its existence. It has been said that a corporation has no soul, whereas, on the other hand, they usually have, in compensative measure, a considerable amount of money. And it is so with Harrods: a reflection, by the way, born of these very furs, the exceeding choice of the collection being declared in this artistically-compiled catalogue, the contents whereof are calculated to make us foreswear for ever everything save peltry of genuine character, more especially at the prices it permits a great house like Harrods to offer. Their enterprise is immense.

A Pianola Gown, in pale blue soie-de-laine

Has it not been written in all the books of fashion lately: Thou shalt not any longer countenance the pouching blouse? So here behold the successor of that long time adored thing. As we took the precaution to explain quite recently, the blouse of latest aspect is still essentially a loose garment, and even, as is here betrayed, retains a certain pouched appearance, but a pouch at a considerably higher line than formerly, above the inevitable deep belt.

Just at first it is not to be expected we shall take altogether kindly to so radical a change; nevertheless, the hour is fast approaching when we shall find our hearts echoing the verdict "good *ton*" to this vogue and its like.

The particular model in question is charming in the new *souple* cashmere, in one of the favourite pale *nuances*, with velvet of the same hue, but several shades deeper, for the strappings, bows, and high belt.

Pianola Peignoir.

Since to dress the craze of the hour is the immediate object of every self-respecting modiste, we are privileged, I think, to enquire what persuasion will be propounded to create the right atmosphere about a Pianola? Of late, by-the-way, we have remarked more than once, a deflection from the Bridge table to the piano, when the latter has been fitted with one of these latter-day clever contrivances, whereby one achieves the maximum of effect, together with the minimum of exertion.

In a picturesque tea-gown with flowing sleeves, that sweep the ground, a pretty woman can look "very" pretty, manipulating a pianola, the slight rythmical movement of the body necessitated by the pedalling, adding grace to the whole. Meanwhile, from out our inner consciousness, there has been evolved a model, delightfully illustrated by our artist, and described by her as being executed in pale blue soie-de-laine—which is a new name for the new aspect of our old familiar friend flannel—*bouillonnée* with silk in a delicate mauve shade, the whole consummating, one surmises, a certain hydrangea harmony. And this, my dear confidants, is the *negligée* ideal for practising and perfecting your fair fame on the pianola. Lacking which incentive, Ambrosine would urge its cause for the fulfilling of the demand for a presentable wrap, to be slipped into for a boudoir chat and rest after a long day's hunting. It is, you will understand, purely a gown *intime*, as we have described it, although myself, I can perceive glorified possibilities achieved in Liberty fabrics.

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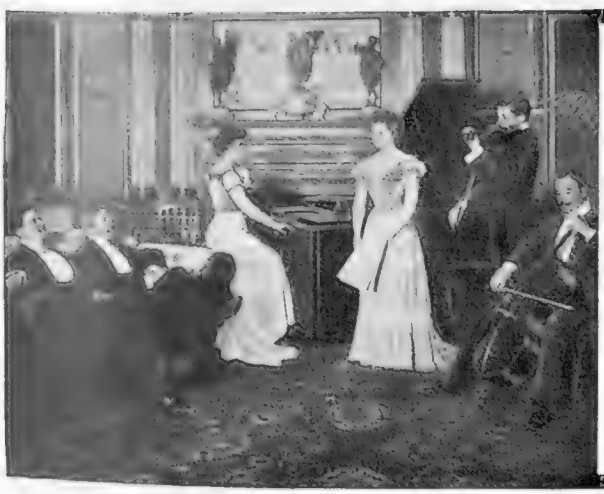

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M. KASTNER & CO., 302, REGENT STREET, W.
(Near Queen's Hall.)

A Woman's Pocket Book

The Law Courts are sitting, and the divorce season is in full swing.

It is commonly supposed that women take a lively interest in those proceedings for the dissolution of marriages which are usually heard by Sir Francis Jeune. I think this is a mistaken impression. The sordid and nauseating cases which appear every Session, with such unfailing regularity, are guilty of palling upon us: either we have the erring wife or the deceiving husband, plus the inevitable *tertium quid*. The procedure is always the same, and the evidence in nearly every case as like as two peas, and what the President of the Divorce Court has heard in the preceding, he will hear in the future, cases.

But if there is one feeling predominant over every other, in reading the result of these actions, it is a feeling of satisfaction when a *decree nisi* has been pronounced in favour of the injured party. Their married lives have invariably been such a failure that it is a matter of sincere rejoicing when the merciful court of justice dissolves the tie which has proved so irksome and harassing Nothing that I can conceive can be so sordid and degrading to the character as a marriage which has its *finale* in the public courts, urged by counsel before one of His Majesty's judges.

And yet, for one marriage failure which is made known to the public, there are a hundred where the parties are suffering all the untold miseries of being bound together, without the possibility of being able to free the bonds and go separate ways. It is sad that such things should be, but it is more courageous to look the facts in the face and see if something ought not to be done to release these unfortunate couples from such a bondage, which forces them, against their wills, to maintain publicly a bitter farce.

We may sneer at what we pretend to consider the facility with which the marriage tie is ruptured in America, and yet there is a great deal to be said for it. It seems to me that if a married couple discover they have made a mistake, and are naturally anxious to dissolve their marriage, it is better facilities should be granted them for doing so. Looking at it solely from a woman's point of view, there can be nothing on earth more degrading to her self-respect than to continue to be the wife of a man who has no longer any affection for her, or to continue to be bound to a man for whom she has lost all affection. Surely, in such a case, even without there being a suspicion of a third party, it is better for the woman that there should be the means of dissolving such a union, which can only bring misery in its train. I feel sure that in England very many women, whose lives have been rendered miserable by the grand mistake of marrying the wrong men, would be thankful if some way could be introduced by which their unhappy marriages might be dissolved without their losing their own reputations, or without their being subjected to the taunt of having lost all attractions for their husbands.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: FISH SOUPS AND DISHES

SOUPS

An infinite variety of excellent soups may be made of fish, which should be stewed down in precisely the same manner as meat, with the necessary addition of vegetables and herbs. In France, Jersey, Cornwall, and many other places, the conger eel, divested of its skin, is sliced up into thick cutlets, and made into soup, and should be treated as follows: After the soup has been strained and allowed to settle it must be heated afresh, and rice and minced parsley may be added to it, or, if preferred, it may be thickened with rice flour only, or served clear. Curried fish soups, too, are very good. When stock has been made as above with conger eel, whitings, haddocks, cod fish, or the remains of cold soles, plaice, etc., may be heated and served in it, and the larger oysters, which are not considered good enough to be eaten raw, serve admirably for imparting flavour to soup, and the softer portions of them may be served in it, after being gently simmered for a few minutes. A little anchovy sauce may be added to any of the above soups.

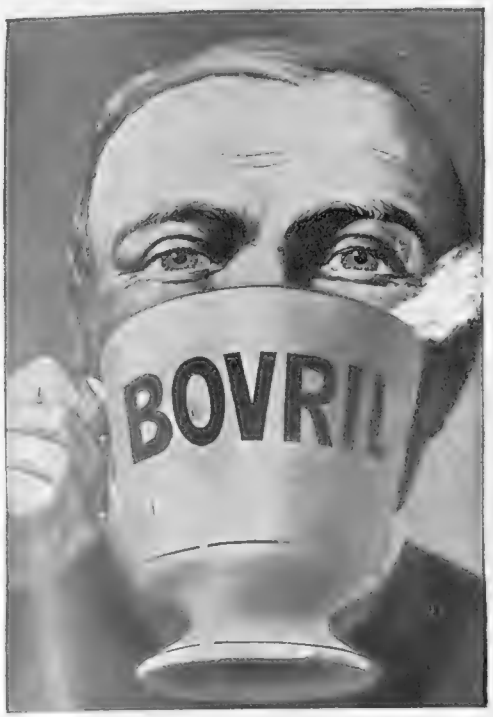
FISH EN CASSEROLE

Put rather more than a pint of milk into a saucepan with an onion, in which stick two cloves, a small blade of mace, a few pieces of parsley, a strip of lemon-peel, and enough celery salt, and white pepper to flavour it. When the milk has boiled, draw the pan to the side of the stove, and let the contents simmer very gently for twenty minutes. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a saucepan, and mix it gradually with 2 oz. of flour; then moisten the paste with the milk, which should first be strained, and stir quickly until the sauce is quite thick. Take all the skin from a piece of cod (the middle-cut for choice), weighing about 2½ lbs., put it in a casserole-dish, and pour the prepared sauce over it, cover it with a thick piece of buttered paper, and cook the fish in a moderately hot oven for about thirty to forty minutes. When done remove the paper, add a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar or lemon juice, and serve the fish garnished with either parsley or shrimps. Filleted fish of various kinds can be used instead of cod, but it is best to choose a fairly firm fish for this way of cooking.

FISH OMELETTE

The remains of cold boiled white fish, four eggs, a little white sauce, a tablespoonful of milk or cream, 1½ oz. of butter, pepper, salt, cayenne. Free the fish from all skin and bones, break into small flakes; melt a small piece of butter in a stewpan, add the fish, seasoning, and enough white sauce to moisten the fish; keep it hot; slightly beat the eggs in a basin, add the milk and season to taste; melt a full ounce of butter in an omelette pan, pour in the eggs, stir over a hot fire till the mixture begins to set, then shake well, shape it in an oval form, put the prepared fish in the middle and fold in the ends, let it colour, then turn out on a hot dish and serve immediately.

EMILIA.



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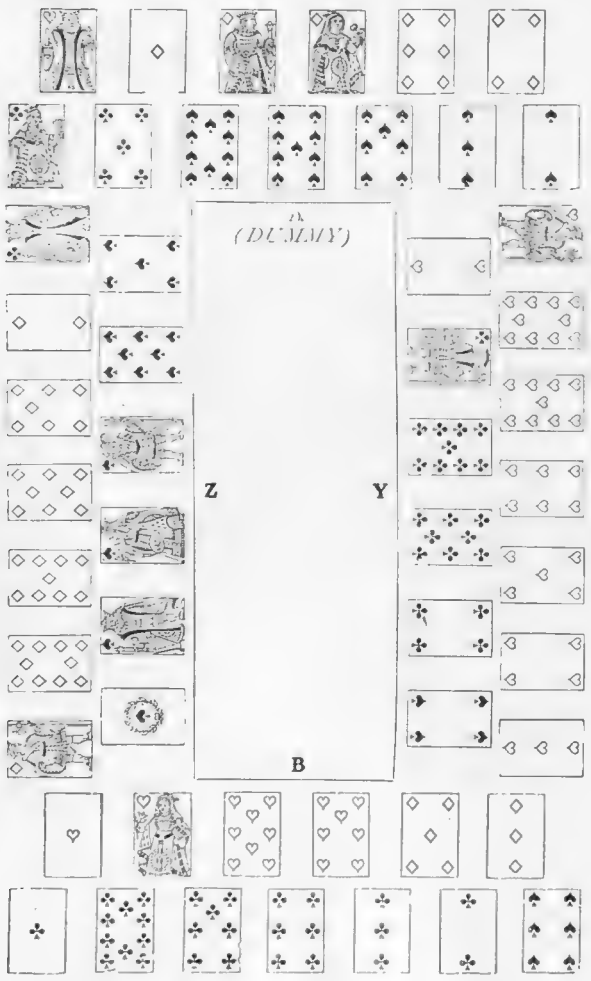

B deals Z leads

RULES

1.—Every solution, after the first, with which no coupon is needed, must be accompanied by the publisher's imprint (in place of a coupon) cut from the bottom of the back cover, viz.:

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Any solutions after the first submitted, if not accompanied by the imprint, will be disqualified.

2.—Competitors may also give as full notes on the play as they like, giving reasons for leads, etc.

3.—The play of the hand should be written out in the following way:

Tricks	Z	A	Y	B
1	♦ 3	♦ 9	♦ Q	♦ A
2	♠ 10	♠ Q	♠ 2	♠ 7
3	♠ K	♠ A	♠ 3	♠ J

4.—All solutions should reach the office of THE BYSTANDER by the first post on the Friday week after the last hand of the rubber. The solutions of all four hands should be sent in together, *not* week by week. They should be addressed to The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C.

5.—Names and full addresses of competitors must be given, only for publication in the event of a prize being won. Unless this rule is carefully observed, competitors will be disqualified.

NOTE.—Doubling and redoubling are allowed, but the limit of redoubling is 100. If spades are declared, the hands are played, no matter what the state of the score is.

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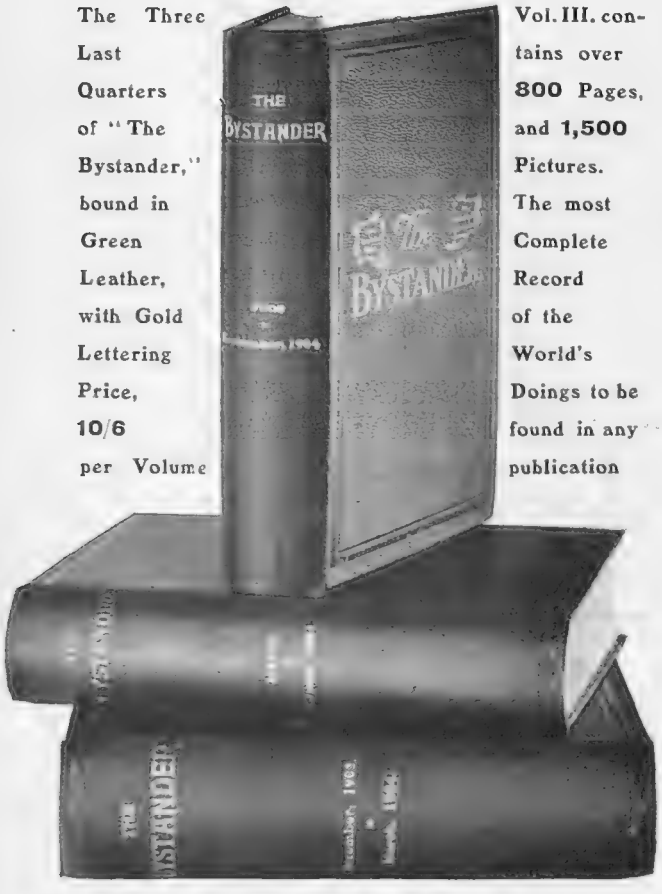

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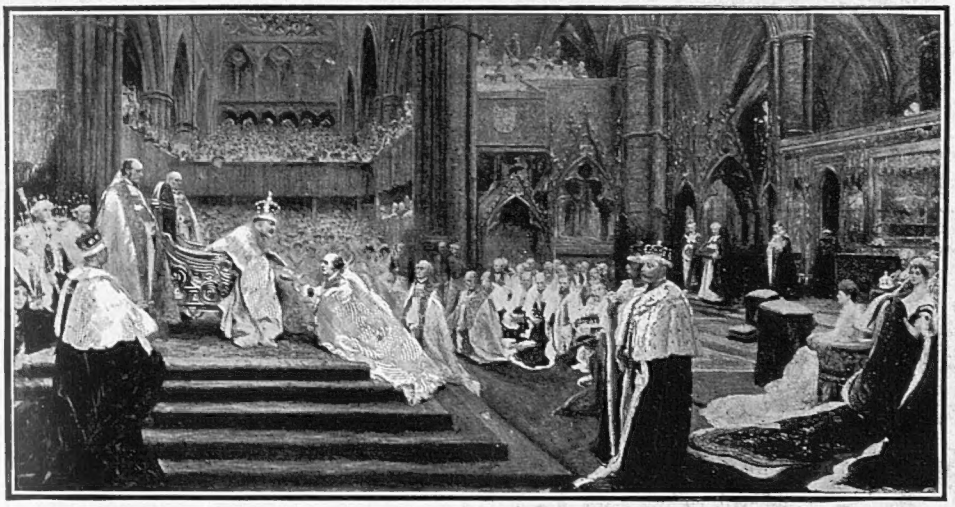

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